

10¢ PDC

JULY, 1948
NO. 4

CRIME

AND

PUNISHMENT

10¢

**CRIME
DOES NOT
PAY**

OBEY THE LAW

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER - CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

TRUE
CRIMINAL CASE
HISTORIES!

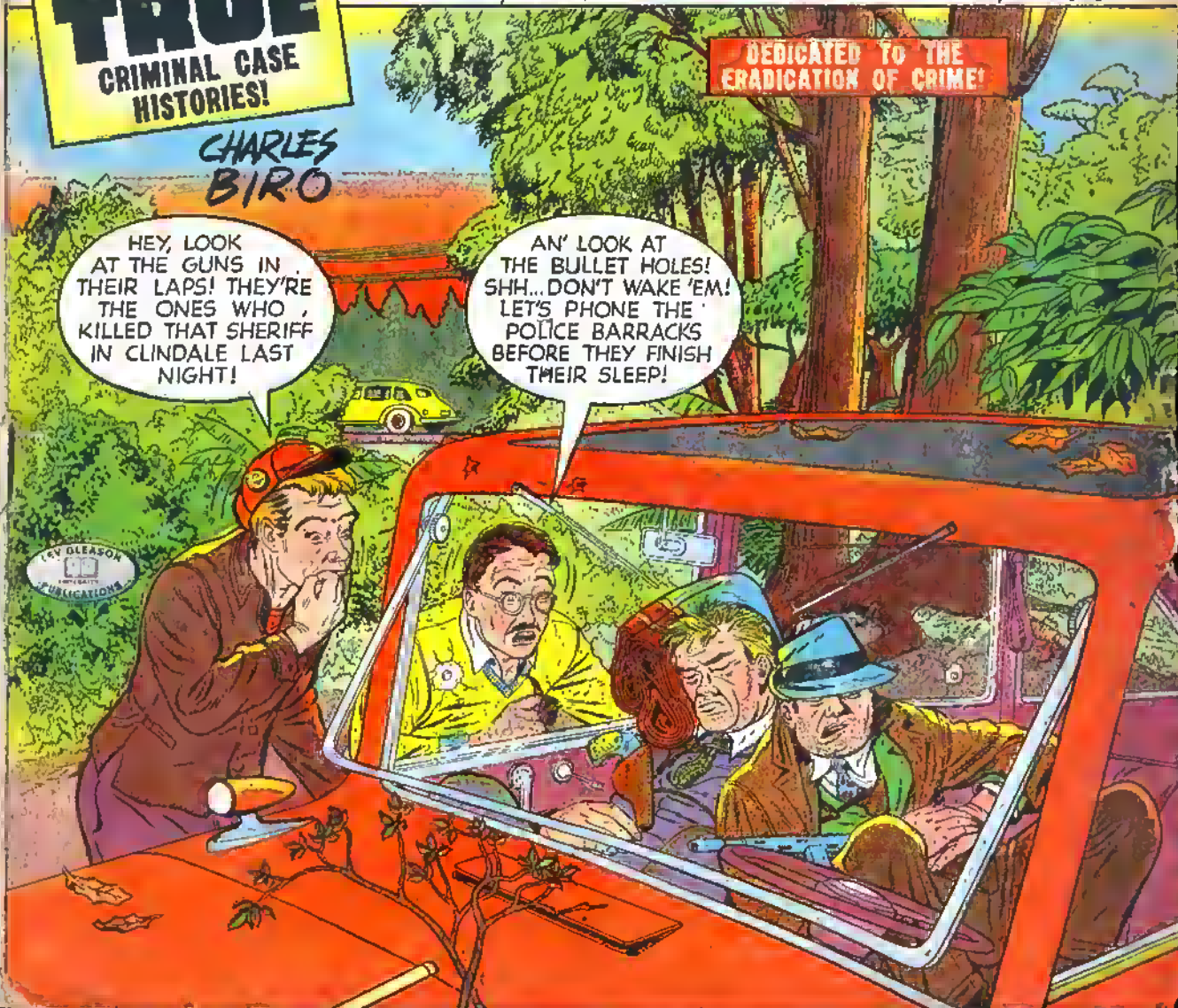
**CHARLES
BIRO**

**DEDICATED TO THE
ERADICATION OF CRIME!**

HEY, LOOK
AT THE GUNS IN
THEIR LAPS! THEY'RE
THE ONES WHO
KILLED THAT SHERIFF
IN CLINDALE LAST
NIGHT!

AN' LOOK AT
THE BULLET HOLES!
SHH...DON'T WAKE 'EM!
LET'S PHONE THE
POLICE BARRACKS
BEFORE THEY FINISH
THEIR SLEEP!

LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS



A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Mysteries', 'Daring Adventures', 'Exciting Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hill Country', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.



The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to the readers of this magazine!

Not One... Not Two... But **ALL 3**
Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now let you get GORGEOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with most production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings paired on lastly-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such reliable and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're coming mad. Decide for yourself at one risk.

WITH YOUR NAME EN-
GRAVED ON ALL THREE
WRITING INSTRUMENTS
IN GOLD LETTERS . . .

\$169

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DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



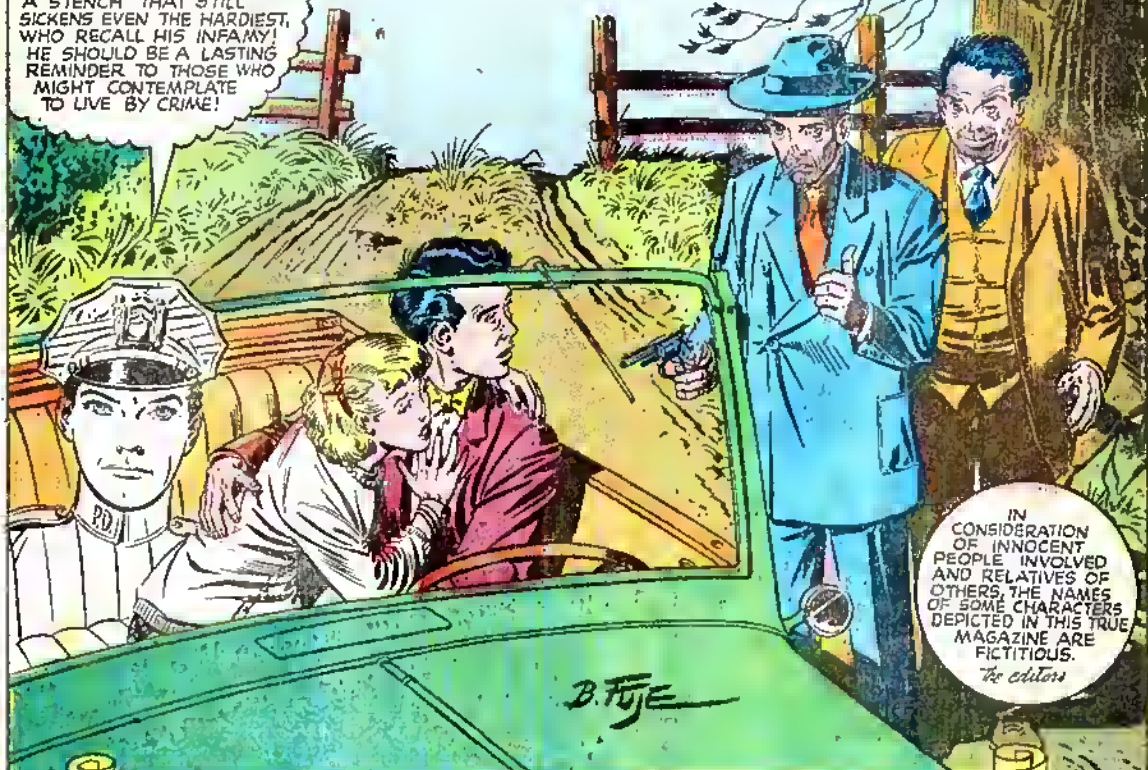
THE EXCITING BLAST BY BLAST DESCRIPTION
OF THE SHORT, BUT VIOLENT CAREERS OF

CLYDE and MARVIN BARROW

THE FOOLS—
THE MURDERING,
IDIOTIC FOOLS! HOW
LONG DO THEY THINK
GUNS WILL SAVE THEM
FROM THE HORRIBLE
END THAT AWAITS THEM?
THE DAYS OF RECKONING
WILL COME TO THE BEASTS—
DAYS FULL OF TERROR
AND ANGUISH! THE NAME
OF CLYDE BARROW RAISED
A STENCH THAT STILL
SICKENS EVEN THE HARDEST,
WHO RECALL HIS INFAMY!
HE SHOULD BE A LASTING
REMINDER TO THOSE WHO
MIGHT CONTEMPLATE
TO LIVE BY CRIME!

BREAK
IT UP—DO AS
WE TELL YA, AN'
YOU WON'T GET
HURT! C'MON,
OUT-BOTH
OF YA!

WHAT YA
WASTIN' TIME
FORE? GIVE IT
TO 'EM! OH, I GET
IT—YA DON'T
WANNA STAIN
THE SEATS!

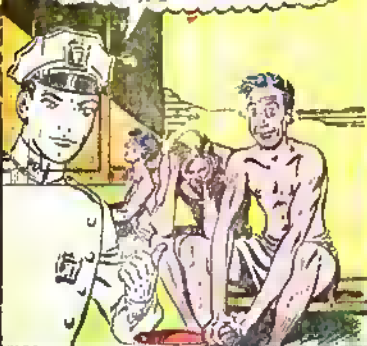


IN
CONSIDERATION
OF INNOCENT
PEOPLE INVOLVED
AND RELATIVES OF
OTHERS, THE NAMES
OF SOME CHARACTERS
DEPICTED IN THIS TRUE
MAGAZINE ARE
FICTITIOUS.
The Editors

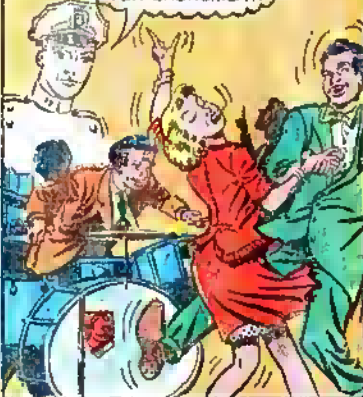
ONCE THERE WERE TWO BROTHERS, CLYDE AND MARVIN BARROW! THEY WERE COCKY,
ARROGANT AND MERCILESS! THEY TRIED WANTON BUTCHERY AS THE MEANS TO REACH
THEIR POT OF GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW! THEY THOUGHT OF LAW ONLY AS
AN OBSTACLE TO BE BLASTED WITH BULLETS—IN SHORT, THEIR THINKING WAS WARPED!
KILLERS NEVER THINK STRAIGHT! IF THEY DID, WOULD THEY HAVE COMMITTED ONE
CRIME—MUCH LESS KILL?

OBEY THE LAW

NOT ALL MAD MEN LIVE OUT THEIR DREAMS IN LUNATIC ASYLUMS—FOR IF THEY DID, THIS BOOK MIGHT NOT EXIST! CRIME WOULDN'T EXIST—BECAUSE CRIME IS A LUNACY! IT ONLY DISGUISES ITSELF AS SANITY, AND LUNATIC CRIMINALS ROAM THE STREETS WITH SEARCHING EYES—LOOKING FOR EASY MONEY, UNTIL THEIR MANIAS BETRAY THEM!



SOME OF THOSE MAD MEN ARE JIGGING TO SAVAGE RHYTHMS IN SMOKE-FILLED TAVERNS, BUT THAT ISN'T ENOUGH TO SATISFY THEIR ABNORMAL HUNGER FOR EXCITEMENT!



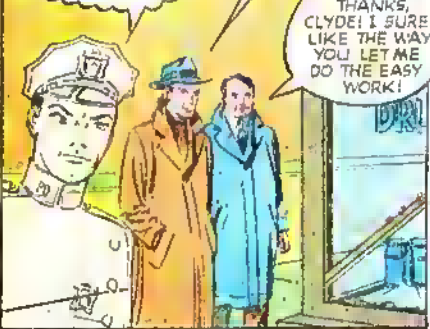
SOME OF THEM GUZZLE FIRE WATER TO LET OFF STEAM, BUT INSTEAD THEY JUST FAN THEIR FLAME OF JEALOUSY AND GREED! THEY'LL TRY ANYTHING—THEY'LL TAKE DOPE IF THEY CAN GET THEIR HANDS ON IT!



THEN THEY'LL BET—GO TO ANY RACE TRACK AND YOU'LL SEE THEM! IT'S TOUGH TO SPOT 'EM BECAUSE THEY LOOK LIKE ANYBODY ELSE! THEY'LL BET ON DOGS, ON CHICKENS, ON THE WEATHER, ON FLEAS, OR ON ANYTHING THAT FLIES, CRAWLS, OR WALKS—BETTING ON CARDS, BETTING ON DICE, BETTING ON WHEELS—BETTING MADMEN ALL!



BUT THE MADDEST OF THE MADMEN—THE TOP OF THAT HUMAN GARBAGE—WOULD BET AGAINST THE LAW—BET WITH THEIR LIVES! SUCH MAD MEN WERE THE BARROW BROTHERS, WHO COMMITTED THEIR FIRST ACT OF BATTINESS ON A WINDY NIGHT IN JANUARY, 1930, IN DALLAS, TEXAS!



TELL HIM TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING ON THE LOWEST SHELF—THEY'LL GLOUT HIM WHILE HIS HEAD'S DOWN—AN' I'LL WALK TO THE BACK TO SEE IF THE CASE IS CLEAR!

GEE, THANKS, CLYDE! I SURE LIKE THE WAY YOU LET ME DO THE EASY WORK!



YESSIR—WHAT'LL IT BE?

A CHERRY COKE!
HMM...GIVE ME ONE OF 'EM HOT WATER BOTTLES DOWN THERE!



VERY GOOD, SIR! I HAVE A FEW HERE AT SEVERAL PRICES—ONE FIFTY, TWO FIFTY, AND SIX FIFTY! TAKE YOUR PICK!
NOW WHAT?

HEY, MISTER, MY FRIEND WANTS THE ONE DOWN THERE IN THE CASE—NOT THE SHOP-WORN STUFF ON THE SHELF!

OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW

CLYDE GOT AWAY BY HOT-FOOTING IT TO THE SAFETY OF A RAT'S RETREAT! HIS BROTHER, MARV, WAS GIVEN A TWO-YEAR STRETCH ON A TEXAS PRISON FARM AT HARD LABOR. WHAT A HAPPY IRONY FOR A SINK WHO'D EVEN KILL TO AVOID WORK! BUT CLYDE'S CONSCIENCE BOTHERED HIM! EVEN RATS GET LONELY! SO CLYDE TRAVELED UP AND DOWN THE BUS LINE, PAST HIS BROTHER'S WORK GANG!



I CAN GET A MESSAGE THROUGH TO MARV! THAT PART'S EASY, BUT PLANTING A CAR WHERE HE CAN RUN FOR IT WHILE I COVER HIM—AIN'T NA EASY!

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO MAKE \$25 JUST BY TAKIN' A LITTLE BUS TRIP AN' GIVIN' SOMEBODY A MESSAGE?

IT DEPENDS ON WHERE I'M GOING AND WHY—BUT IF YOU MAKE IT FIFTY, I WON'T CARE!



ALL RIGHT, YOU GET YOUR FIFTY! I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE PRISON FARM TO VISIT A DISTANT RELATIVE OF YOURS—A FAT TUB BY THE NAME OF MARV BARROW! YOU'LL BRING HIM DOUGHNUTS AN' CANDY WITH A NOTE IN THE BOX UNDER HIS!

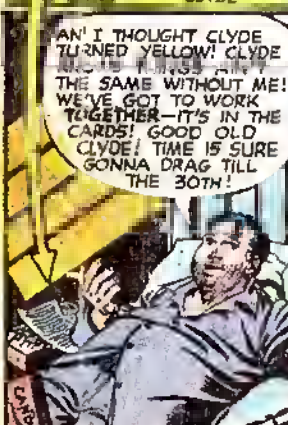
I'VE BEEN THERE BEFORE! I KNOW LOTS OF GUYS AT THE PRISON FARM! IT WAS SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS' ALMA MATER!

YOU'LL TELL HIM HIS COUSIN, CLYDE, SENT YOU!

MUD IN YOUR EYE, COUSIN!



ON MARCH 30TH, AROUND TWO P.M., GET AS CLOSE TO THE ROAD AS YOU CAN! I'LL BE ALONG IN A CRATE! I'LL COVER YOU WITH A TOMMY TILL YOU MAKE THE CAR. SAY NOTHING ABOUT THIS TO YOUR STIR PALS. CLYDE



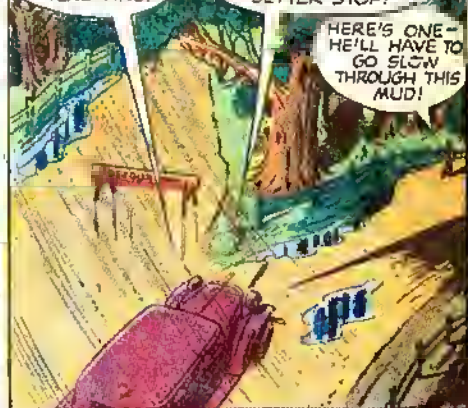
CLYDE HAD AN INVENTIVE MIND—IT THOUGHT OF NEW WAYS TO GET INTO TROUBLE! HE COULDN'T JUST SNATCH A CAR LIKE ANY ORDINARY CROOK! HE HAD TO MAKE SOMETHING SPECIAL



I'LL WATCH 'EM GO BY AN' PICK WHAT I WANT!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY WANT US TO DETOUR! I CAME THIS WAY TWO HOURS AGO, AND THE ROADS WERE FINE!

PERHAPS THE RAIN WASHED OUT THE CREEK BRIDGE, OR THERE MIGHT'VE BEEN AN ACCIDENT! IT COULDN'T BE ANYTHING! JOHN—THERE'S SOMEBODY WAVING A LANTERN—BETTER STOP!



HERE'S ONE—HE'LL HAVE TO GO SLOW THROUGH THIS MUD!

OH, JOHN—LOOK! HE'S GOT A GUN!



I'M A DETECTIVE! WE'RE LOOKING FOR AN ESCAPED CONVICT FROM THE PRISON FARM! GET OUT—I WANNA HAVE A LOOK AT YOU!

HE'S LYING MADGE! NOBODY ESCAPED FROM THE FARM!

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SMART, GRANDPA?



I HAPPEN TO BE THE WARDEN OF THE PRISON! IF ANYTHING HAD HAPPENED BACK AT THE FARM, THEY'D HAVE NOTIFIED ME OVER THE RADIO! YOU'RE NO DETECTIVE—YOU'RE A HIGHWAY ROBBER!

YOU AND YOUR MAMA ARE GONNA WALK BACK TO THE FARM!



JIM—LOOK! A DETOUR SIGN—HOW DID THAT GET HERE? YOU AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO STICK THOSE THINGS UP!

BANG!!

THAT WAS A SHOT! BACK UP AND GO DOWN THAT DIRT ROAD!

OBEY THE LAW



A PROWL CAR!

KEEP THE FLASH ON THAT GUY, JIM! IT MAY BE A STICK-UP!



HE HEARD OUR COMMAND TO STOP HIM! BRING 'IM DOWN!

AIM LOW—WE WANT HIM ALIVE POSSIBLE!



SO CLYDE BARROW WOUND UP WITH A TWELVE-YEAR SENTENCE ON THE SAME DAY HE PLANNED TO FREE HIS BROTHER—YOU MIGHT'VE THOUGHT HIS SAD EXPERIENCES WOULD RESTRAIN HIM FROM FURTHER RASH ADVENTURES, BUT WE'RE NOT DEALING WITH RATIONAL MINDS WHEN WE DEAL WITH CRIMINALS!



"DEAR KIKI—SEND ONE OF MY COUSINS TO THE PEN. I'LL SEND THE MONEY YOU REQUESTED AFTER HE SEES ME."

HEY, YOU'RE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR EASY MONEY, JIMMY! WELL, I KNOW WHERE YOU CAN MAKE SOME! GO SEE A GUY UP AT THE PEN! HIS NAME'S CLYDE BARROW! YOU'RE HIS COUSIN, JIMMY, SEE?

HIS COUSIN, EH? MAYBE THIS GUY IS WORRIED ABOUT SOME DOUGH HE'S STACKED AWAY—WHY ELSE WOULD HE PAY SOMEBODY TO VISIT HIM IN STIR? SURE—I'LL SEE 'IM!



THE SUCKER THINKS I'VE GOT A BUNDLE BUNKED SOMEWHERE—SO WHY NOT STRING HIM ALONG!

THAT'S THE IDEA, JIMMY—HELP ME CRASH THIS CAN, AN' I'LL DO AN EVEN SPLIT ON THIRTY G'S! WILL YOU DO IT?

OKAY—JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT—A BREAK FROM THE JUG OR A BREAK FROM THE FIELD? BY CAR, BY TRUCK? I GOT TO KNOW ALL THAT!

CLYDE WAS AN OUTDOOR MAN, SO HE PICKED THE FIELD. IT WAS A CLEVER PLAN, WITH ONE EXCEPTION—IT WOULDN'T WORK—NOT THAT SOME MEN DON'T ESCAPE FROM PRISON, BUT THE ONES WHO DO ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN AND LIVE TO REGRET IT!



IT'S JIMMY!

HEY THERE, GUARD MY TRUCK'S STUCK IN THE MUD! CAN A FEW OF YOUR BOYS GIVE ME A PUSH?



I'LL SEE! WHO WANTS TO HELP PUSH THE TRUCK OUT OF THE MUD?

ME—I'M SORRY FOR ANY GUY THAT EVEN GETS STALLED AROUND HERE!

SAY, THAT'S MIGHTY NICE OF YOU, FELLE—I JUST NEED A LITTLE SHOVE FROM THE



THIS COULDN'T GO ANY SMOOTHER IF I WAS DREAMIN' IT!

LET HER RIP, JIMMY!

OBEY THE LAW



REACH, YOU SCREWS—THIS AIN'T NO WATER PISTOL!

WHAT THE GAWD!! SHE WONT START, BARROW! SHE'S REALLY STALLED!

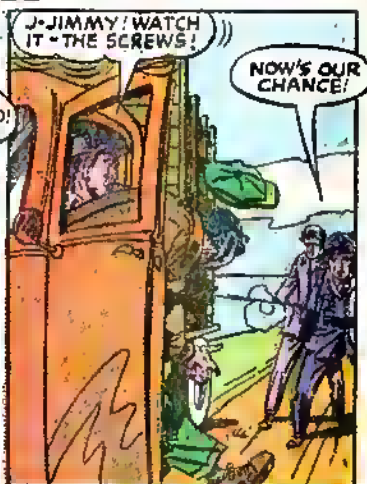
IT'S BARROW! HE'S MAKIN' A BREAK! TAKE US WITH YA, BARROW!



SHE'S STALLED, I TELL YOU! SHE'S BROKEN DOWN!

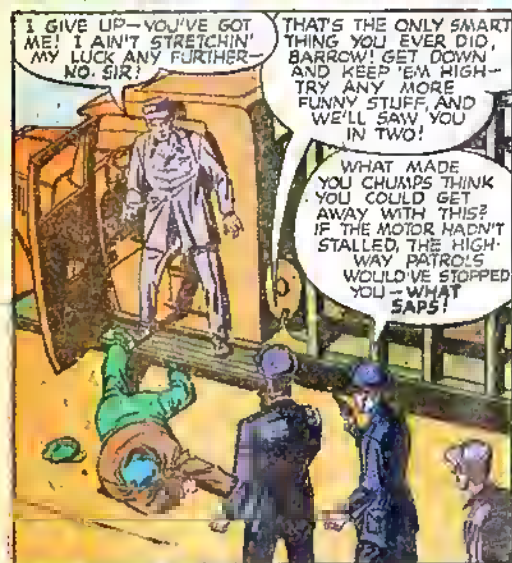
SHE CAN'T BE! HERE TAKE THIS ROD—YOU COVER THE GUARDS! LET ME TRY IT!

THEY CAN'T GET THE TRUCK STARTED! LET'S TAKE 'EM!



J-JIMMY! WATCH IT—THE SCREWS!

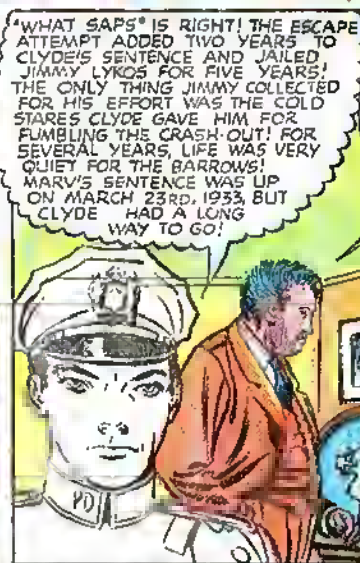
NOW'S OUR CHANCE!



I GIVE UP—YOU'VE GOT ME! I AIN'T STRETCHIN' MY LUCK ANY FURTHER—NO, SIR!

THAT'S THE ONLY SMART THING YOU EVER DID, BARROW! GET DOWN, AND KEEP 'EM HIGH—TRY ANY MORE FUNNY STUFF, AND WE'LL SAW YOU IN TWO!

WHAT MADE YOU CHUMPS THINK YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH THIS? IF THE MOTOR HADN'T STALLED, THE HIGH-WAY PATROLS WOULD'VE STOPPED YOU—WHAT SAPS!



'WHAT SAPS' IS RIGHT! THE ESCAPE ATTEMPT ADDED TWO YEARS TO CLYDE'S SENTENCE AND JAILED JIMMY LYKOS FOR FIVE YEARS! THE ONLY THING JIMMY COLLECTED FOR HIS EFFORT WAS THE COLD STARES CLYDE GAVE HIM FOR FUMBLING THE CRASH-OUT! FOR SEVERAL YEARS, LIFE WAS VERY QUIET FOR THE BARROWS! MARV'S SENTENCE WAS UP ON MARCH 23RD, 1933, BUT CLYDE HAD A LONG WAY TO GO!

DISSUP! THEY SAY YOU'RE THE SMARTEST GUY IN THE STATE! THEY HUNG FOURTEEN YEARS ON MY BROTHER, CLYDE, FOR HIS FIRST OFFENSE! I'LL GIVE YOU A GRAND FOR EVERY YEAR YOU CHOP OFF IT!

SIT DOWN, MR. ER... BARROW, IS IT YOUR STORY INTERESTS ME!



I DREW FIVE YEARS IN '30! ON GOOD BEHAVIOR, I GOT OUT IN THREE! IF YOU COULD CUT BROTHER CLYDE'S STRETCH, HE COULD COME OUT BEFORE HE'S THIRTY!

AND WHERE WOULD ALL THIS MONEY COME FROM THAT YOU'RE OFFERING IF I'M ABLE TO WORK THIS MIRACLE, MR. BARROW?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT DOUGH, DISSUP—I CAN GET ALL I WANT, WHEN I WANT IT—JUST FIND THE TWO-BIT LAW THAT SAYS CLYDE DREW TOO MUCH FOR A FIRST OFFENDER, AND YOU WRITE YOUR OWN TICKET!

OKAY, BARROW, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



THE ANIMAL FEROCITY WITH WHICH MARV BEGAN HIS COLLECTION WOULD HAVE HORRIFIED THE MOST HARDENED INDIVIDUAL!

I TOLD YOU TO DROP THE BAG—BUT NO, YOU'RE A BRIGHT BOY—YOU GOTTA BE A HERO!

H...HERE—ALL RIGHT, TAKE IT! ONLY D...DON'T SHOOT!

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE! YOU'RE TOO LATE!

OBEY THE LAW



SEE THIS ROLL? THIS IS ONLY A SMELL OF WHAT YOU'LL GET WHEN YOU SPRING MY BROTHER!

FINE, BARROW, FINE—VERY GRATIFYING! NATURALLY, YOU WANT RESULTS, FIRST! WELL, MY BOY, THERE'S A LITTLE LOOPHOLE IN THE STATUTES—JUST BIG ENOUGH FOR YOUR BROTHER TO CRAWL THROUGH, I THINK!

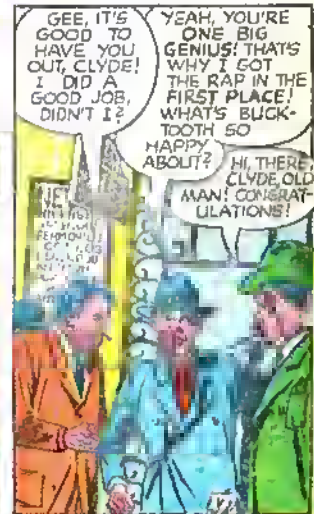


WELL, THAT LEGAL TECHNICALITY COST SOCIETY TEN LIVES!

WE'RE REVISING YOUR SENTENCE TO SIX YEARS, BARROW! WE UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR BEHAVIOR HAS BEEN EXEMPLARY FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS!

THAT'S RIGHT, JUDGE! PEST—EXEMP—WHAT'S THAT?

YOU'VE BEEN A MODEL PRISONER!



GEE, IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU OUT, CLYDE! I DID A GOOD JOB, DIDN'T I?

YEAH, YOU'RE ONE BIG GENIUS! THAT'S WHY I GOT THE RAP IN THE FIRST PLACE! WHAT'S BUCK-TOOTH SO HAPPY ABOUT?

HI, THERE, CLYDE, OLD MAN! CONGRATULATIONS!



MR. DISSUP'S HAPPY BECAUSE HE'S GOIN' TO GET PAID OFF TODAY—ISN'T THAT RIGHT, DISSUP?

THAT'S RIGHT, HEH, HEH—THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY! YOU MUST ADMIT I HAVE BEEN PATIENT!

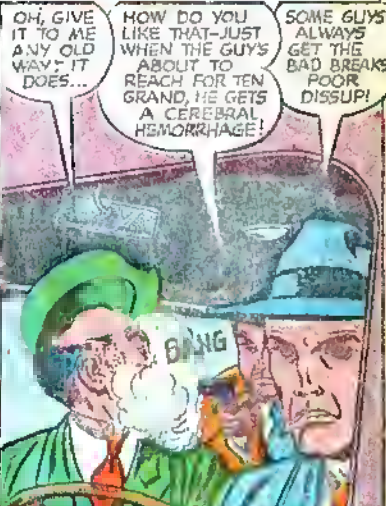
THAT'S GOOD! YOU STAY PATIENT A LITTLE BIT LONGER! LET'S TAKE A DRIVE AN' GET IT ALL SETTLED!



LET'S NOT MAKE IT TOO LONG! I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT AT THREE! WELL, DO I GET PAID OFF NOW?

SURE YOU DO, DISSUP—IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF WHAT FORM YOU WANT IT IN! DO YOU PREFER TENS, TWENTIES, OR FIFTIES?

THAT'S IMPORTANT, DISSUP! WE WANT YOU TO BE HAPPY!



OH, GIVE IT TO ME ANY OLD WAY—IT DOES...

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT—JUST WHEN THE GUYS ABOUT TO REACH FOR TEN GRAND, HE GETS A CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE!

SOME GUYS ALWAYS GET THE BAD BREAKS! POOR DISSUP!



CLYDE KNEW ABOUT A SPOT OF QUICKSAND IN POWERS WOODS! THAT'S WHERE DISSUP WAS LAID TO REST! UNFORTUNATELY, NEITHER CLYDE NOR MARY SLIPPED WHEN THEY DROPPED THEIR BURDEN—ELSE THIS TALE WOULD HAVE BEEN SHORTER AND HAD A HAPPIER ENDING!

CLYDE, I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU—YOU SURE ARE THE BRAINS IN THIS FAMILY! THEY'LL NEVER FIND DISSUP!

OR US, EITHER, IF WE KEEP MOVIN'! LET'S SHOVE OFF, BARREL-BELLY! FROM NOW ON, WE USE OUR HEADS!



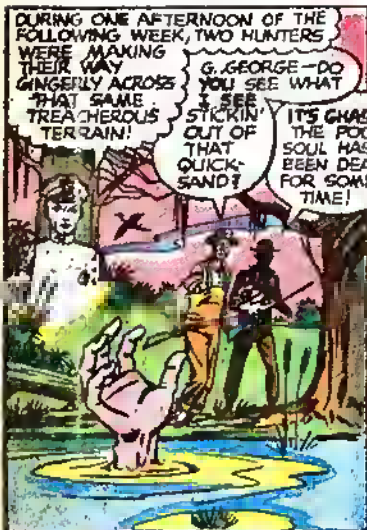
FOR SEVERAL WEEKS, AN EPIDEMIC OF STICK-UPS PLAGUED TEXAS POLICE, CLEAR UP TO THE ARKANSAS BORDER! HAD DISSUP'S BODY BEEN DISCOVERED SOONER, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO BAFFLED!

ONE WAS FAT, AND ONE WAS SKINNY—THEY GOT AWAY IN A SEDAN!

AND MAYBE THEY BOTH HAD HEADS AND LEGS? GOSH—IS THAT ALL YOU CAN TELL US?

I DIDN'T SEE 'EM! ALL I KNOW IS, I WAS HIT!

OBEDY THE LAW



DURING ONE AFTERNOON OF THE FOLLOWING WEEK, TWO HUNTERS WERE MAKING THEIR WAY GINGERLY ACROSS THAT SAME TREACHEROUS TERRAIN!

G. GEORGE—DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE STICKIN' OUT OF THAT QUICK-SAND?

IT'S GHASTLY! THE POOR SOUL HAS BEEN DEAD FOR SOME TIME!



HERE IT COMES! IT'D NEVER HAVE BEEN FOUND IF THE BED WASN'T SHALLOW THERE! IS IT A MAN OR A WOMAN?

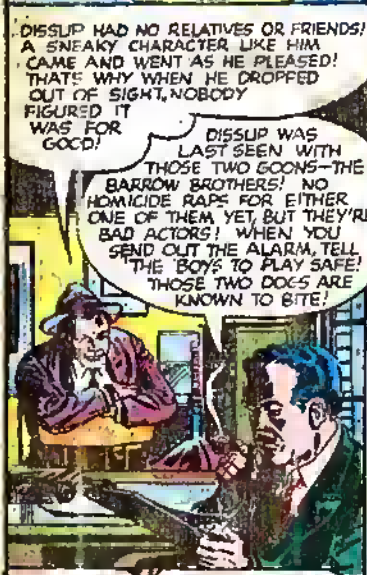
IT'S A MAN—WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM! CALL THE MISSING PERSON'S BUREAU!

OKAY—BUT LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT HIM, FIRST! MAYBE ONE OF US KNOWS HIM!



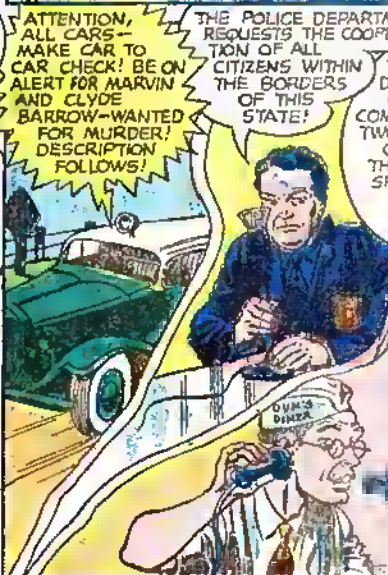
THE QUICKSAND DIDN'T KILL HIM! HE WAS THROWN IN—AFTER A .38 BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT! THIS LOOKS LIKE A 'RIDE' VICTIM! DO YOU RECOGNIZE HIM?

SURE—I KNEW THIS GUY! HE'S 'LIPPY' DISSUP—A DISBARRED CRIMINAL LAWYER, WHO MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED AFTER HANDLING CLYDE BARROW'S REPEAL!



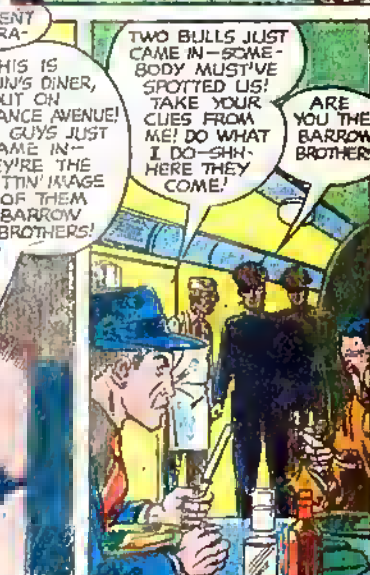
DISSUP HAD NO RELATIVES OR FRIENDS! A SNEAKY CHARACTER LIKE HIM CAME AND WENT AS HE PLEASED! THAT'S WHY WHEN HE DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT, NOBODY FIGURED IT WAS FOR GOOD!

DISSUP WAS LAST SEEN WITH THOSE TWO GOONS—THE BARROW BROTHERS! NO HOMICIDE RAPS FOR EITHER ONE OF THEM, YET, BUT THEY'RE BAD ACTORS! WHEN YOU SEND OUT THE ALARM, TELL THE BOYS TO PLAY SAFE! THOSE TWO DOES ARE KNOWN TO BITE!



ATTENTION, ALL CARS—MAKE CARS TO CAR CHECK! BE ON ALERT FOR MARVIN AND CLYDE BARROW—WANTED FOR MURDER! DESCRIPTION FOLLOWS!

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT REQUESTS THE COOPERATION OF ALL CITIZENS WITHIN THE BORDERS OF THIS STATE!



TWO BULLS JUST CAME IN—SOME-BODY MUST'VE SPOTTED US! TAKE YOUR CLUES FROM ME! DO WHAT I DO—SH—HERE THEY COME!

ARE YOU THE BARROW BROTHERS?



SURE, WE'RE THE BARROW BROTHERS—ANYTHING WRONG WITH THAT?

YOU GOT US ALL WRONG OFFICER! WE'RE JUST PEACE-LOVIN' CITIZENS!



NOTHING THAT A HOT SEAT COULDN'T CURE! GET ON YOUR FEET—YOU CAN FINISH YOUR BRUNCH AT THE COUNTY JAIL!

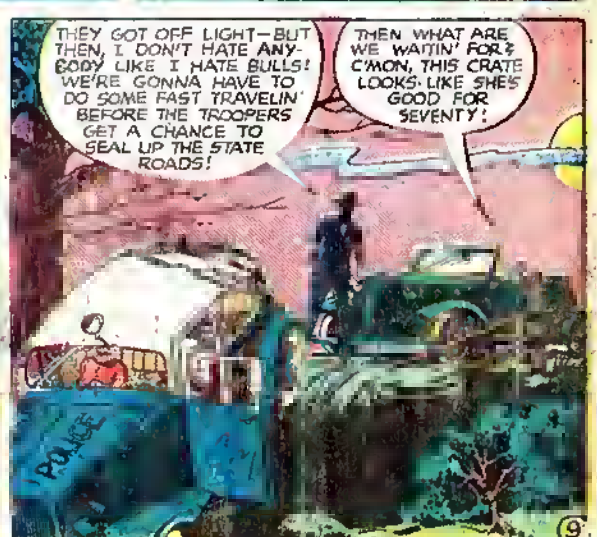
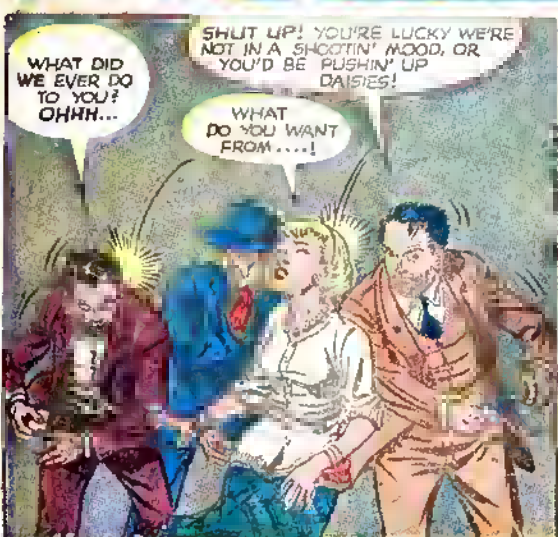
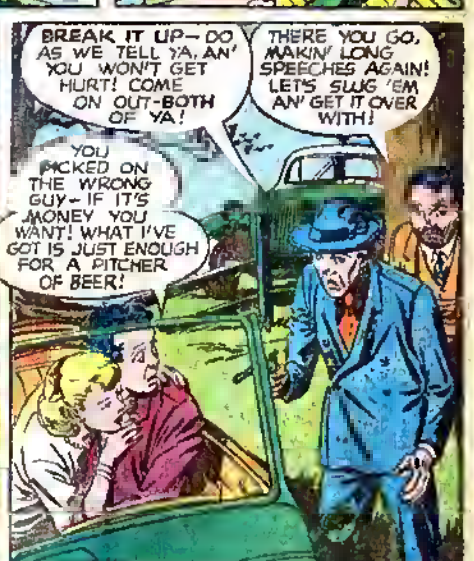
NOW, MARV—GUN 'EM!



IT'S AN INSULT TO SEND ONLY TWO COPS FOR US!

BANG!

OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

THE BARROWS WERE LAST SEEN IN A POLICE CAR! DON'T TAKE CHANCES! THESE MEN ARE ARMED AND DESPERATE!

WE'LL KEEP THE TOP DOWN! THEY'LL FIGURE WE MUST BE OKAY, NOT TRYIN' TO HIDE! THAT'S USIN' PSYCHOLOGY!

DON'T THINK WE'RE TOO SAFE IF THIS JALOPY, EITHER! IF THEY FIND ROMEO AN' JULIET, BEFORE WE GET LOST, THEY'LL KNOW

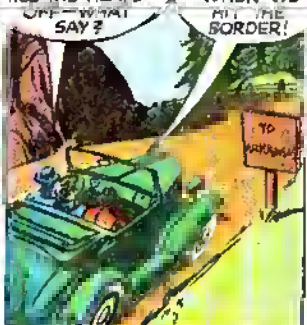
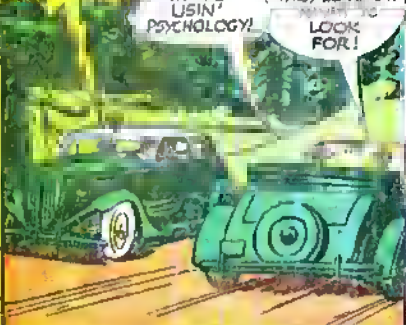
LOOK FOR!

IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW MANY CARS WE SNATCH! THEY'RE BOUND TO GET US IF WE STICK TO THE STATE ROADS! WE'RE NEARIN' THE HILLBILLY COUNTRY! WE CAN HIDE OUT THERE TILL THE HEAT'S

ALL RIGHT, CLYDE—YOU'RE RUNNIN' THIS SHOW! YOU'RE THE BIG BROTHER! I'M SLEEPY—WAKE ME UP WHEN WE HIT THE BORDER!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, THE BARROWS RAN THEIR COUPE OVER A CLIFF INTO THE CLUELESS WATERS OF HAYSTACK MOUNTAIN, CREEK! THEY WERE ALL SET TO HIBERNATE FOR THE WINTER OF 1934...

NOW WE'RE GONNA MAKE SOME CHANGES, AN' AMONG MY PLANS IS YOUR FAT BELLY!



YOU'RE GOIN' ON A DIET, DOUBLE-GUTS! WE DON'T WANNA BE SPOTTED AS 'FAT AN' SKINNY' WHEN WE PULL OUT OF HERE IN THE SPRING! WE'RE GROWIN' MUSTACHES—LONG ONES, AN' WE'RE GONNA

SURE—WHAT DO I CARE AS LONG AS I CAN GET PLENTY OF REST—HAW, HAW—I CAN SLEEP THROUGH APRIL—THE WAY I FEEL!

TO LIVE LIKE A MOUNTAINEER, YOU'VE GOT TO BE ONE! IN A FEW MONTHS, CLYDE WAS STRAINING AT THE LEASH. YOU SEE, HE HADN'T KILLED ANYTHING BIGGER THAN SQUIRRELS IN EIGHT WEEKS! HE WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL ALMOST HUMAN.

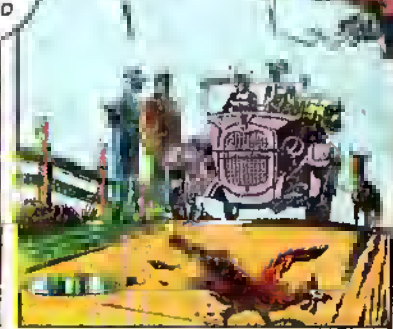
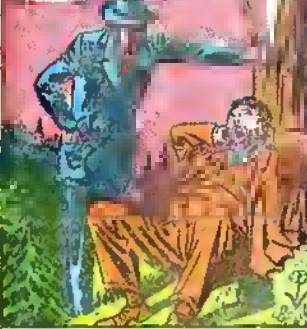
HARD FOR HIM TO TAKE!

MARY—WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS LOUSY HOLE! I CAN'T STAND THE SMELL, THE FOOD, OR THE LIKKERED UP HICKS! IT'S DRIVIN' ME BATS! I TOOK IT FOR TWO MONTHS BUT

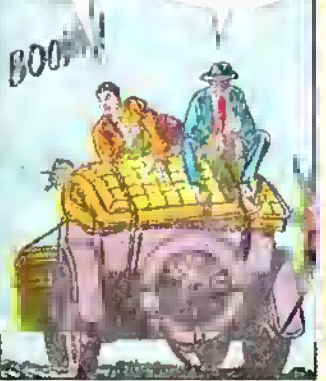
OKAY, OKAY—LET'S LEAVE IN THE MORNIN'! WHAT ARE YOU GETTIN' SO EXCITED ABOUT?

HOW ABOUT A HITCH, MR. BEAL? WE HEARD YOU'RE HEADIN' TEXAS WAY!

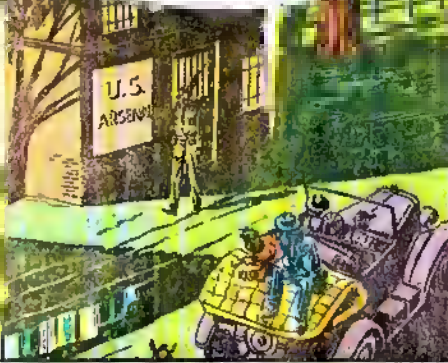
NO, SON, IT'S CALIFORNIA, BUT I'M PICKIN' UP SOME KINFOLK IN TEXAS! THEY HEARD ABOUT THE BUILDIN' BOOM ON THE COAST, TOO! FILE ON, IF YE CAN FIND A PLACE!



WHAT WAS THAT CORPS? PUT THAT ROO AWAY, YOU NITWIT! WE'RE PASSIN' AN' ARSENAL! THEY'RE PUTTIN' ON A SHOW FOR THE RUBES! IT'S ARMY DAY!



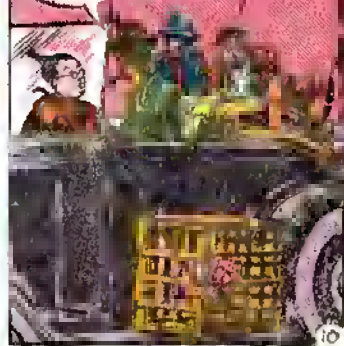
SAY, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! NO COP COULD STAND UP AGAINST A TUMMY—IF WE BUSTED IN AN' SURE—THEN I COULD START MY OWN ARMY! I COULD FREE JIMMY LYKOS AT THE PEN—AN' SOME OF THE OTHER GUYS! I KNOW THEY'D GO IN WITH ME!



THANKS, MR. BEAL, HERE'S WHERE WE WANNA GET OFF!

WAIT—I'LL STOP THE CAR!

CLYDE, YOU MUST BE BATS! HOW CAN WE GET AWAY WITH ROBBIN' AN ARSENAL?

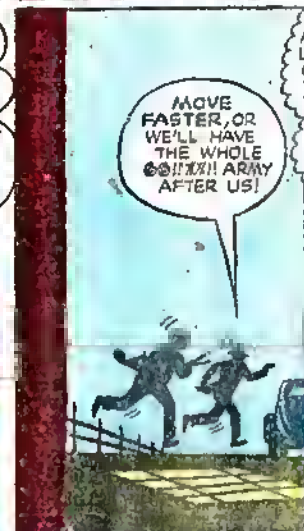


OBEDY THE LAW



COLLECT THE TOMMIES, AN' FOR GOSH SAKES, DON'T FORGET THE AMMO! I'LL WATCH THE HALL!

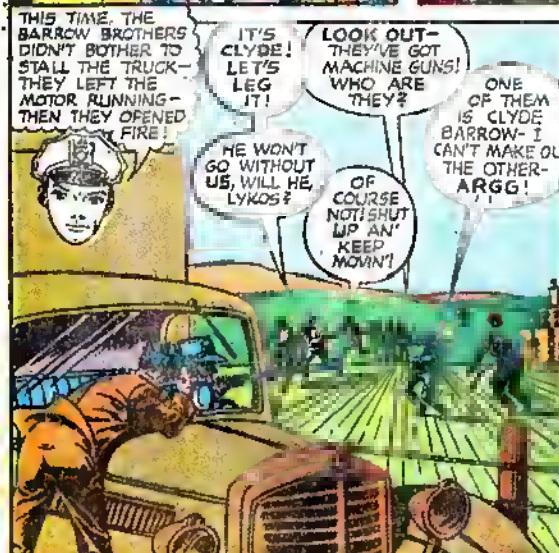
I'LL MAKE IT FAST AS I CAN! THIS STUFF IS HEAVY!



AGAIN, LUCK WENT ALONG WITH EVIL! LUCK ATTENDED THE CAR THEY STOLE! THE TRUCK THEY STOLE! THE CLOTHING THEY STOLE! THEY EVEN SUCCEEDED IN STEALING A MESSAGE INTO JIMMY LYKOS IN THE STATE PEN!

IS THAT A PAL OR IS THAT A PAL! CLYDE'S GOT TOMMIES TO COVER OUR BREAK! THAT'S ONE GUY I'M GONNA BE GRATEFUL TO!

TWO MORE DAYS TILL THE RUN-OUT! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT IT FOR TEN YEARS!



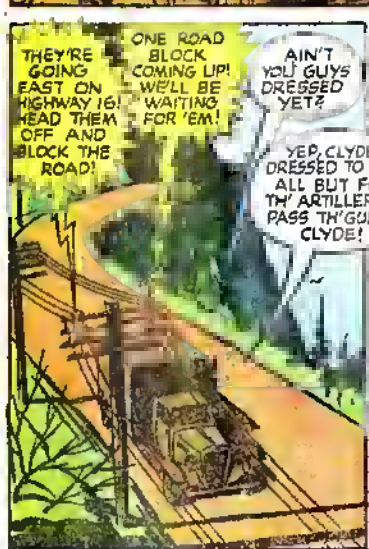
IT'S CLYDE! LET'S LEG IT!

LOOK OUT—THEY'VE GOT MACHINE GUNS! WHO ARE THEY?

ONE OF THEM IS CLYDE BARROW—I CAN'T MAKE OUT THE OTHER—ARGG!

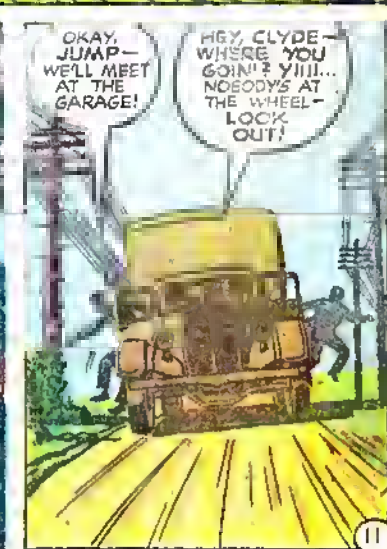
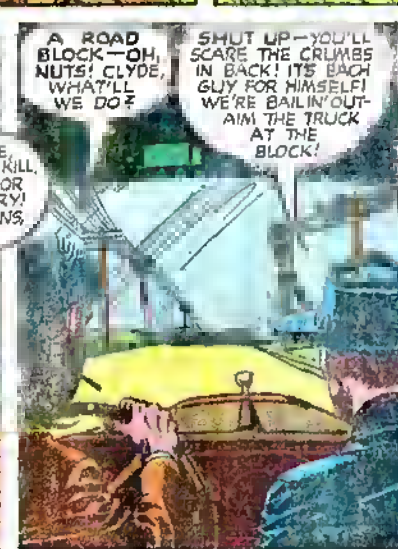
OF COURSE NOT! SHUT UP AN' KEEP MOVIN'!

HE WON'T GO WITHOUT US, WILL HE, LYKOS?



AIN'T YOU GUYS DRESSED YET?

YEP, CLYDE DRESSED TO KILL, ALL BUT FOR TH' ARTILLERY! PASS TH' GUNS, CLYDE!



OBEDIENT THE LAW



WELL, WE'VE GOT THE SLOBS, BUT NOT ALL OF 'EM ALIVE! NOW IF WE ONLY HAD THE DESPERADOES WHO PULLED THIS PIECE OF DEVLTRY!

WE'LL GET 'EM! THERE WON'T BE A PLACE FOR THEM TO HIDE! THESE ARE ARMY GUNS THEY USED, NOW WE KNOW WHO RAIDED THAT U.S. ARSENAL! THE FBI MUST BE ON THEIR TRAIL RIGHT

FROM THAT DAY FORWARD, THE BARROWS KNEW NO REST, NOR PEACE OF MIND! THE QUESTION OF MIND! THE QUESTION WAS, HOW LONG COULD THE TOMMY GUNS KEEP THE FBI AWAY!

WE HAD NO'NIN' BUT TROUBLE SINCE YOU DREAMED UP A ARSENAL RAID! THE FBI IS NOT ONE TO FIDDLE WITH!

I WANTED A GANG! I FIGURED SEVEN GUNS WERE STRONGER THAN TWO! HOW WAS I TO KNOW WE ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH THE BREAK!



SLOWLY, BUT SURELY, THE NOOSE DREW TIGHTER—IT GREW HARDER, AND HARDER TO BLAST OUT OF TRAPS!

SO AM I! YOU DON'T HEAR ME BAWLIN'! BLAST THE GOAT!!

C. CLYDE—I'M HIT!



LUCK WAS THINNING OUT—THERE WERE MORE FREQUENT WOUNDS!

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE YOURSELVES UP? YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO TRAVEL, OR FIGHT BACK!

LOOK WHO'S TALKIN'! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE YOURSELF UP, YOU QUACK!



THE NIGHT OF MAY 27TH, 1934, WAS GOOD FOR HUNTING IN MORE THAN ONE SENSE! TWO COON HUNTERS NEAR LAKE CHARLES, LOUISIANA, STUMBLED UPON TWO SLEEPING MEN IN A CAR!

SHH—TH. THEY'RE THE ONES THAT KILLED THE SHERIFF IN CLINDALE YESTERDAY MORNING! LOOK AT

I'M NOT LOOKING AT ANYTHING EXCEPT A POLICE

HOLES IN THE CAR!

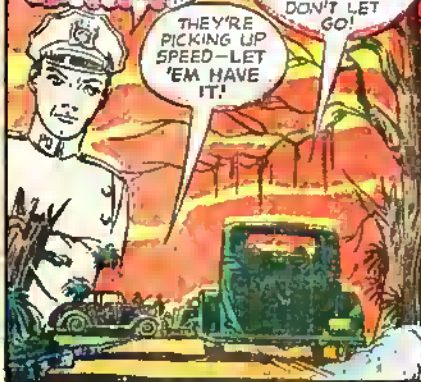
C'MON, LOU, BEFORE THEY WAKE UP!



THEY WERE AWAKE AND AWAY BEFORE THE POLICE COULD CLOSE IN, BUT THE ROAD BLOCKS WERE UP! THEY TOOK THE HIGHWAY TO LAKE CHARLES THAT MORNING, MAY 28TH—NEVER REALIZING IT WAS THE ROAD TO THEIR WATERLOO!

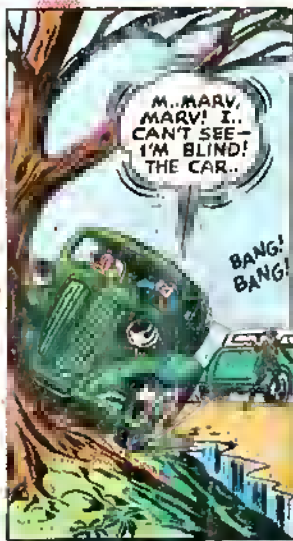
TWO COP CARS ARE BLOCKIN' THE ROAD! BRING OUT THE CHOPPER! I'LL PASS THE CAR ON THE LEFT ALONG THE BANK! PULL THAT TRIGGER AN' DON'T LET GO!

THEY'RE PICKING UP SPEED—LET 'EM HAVE IT!



M. MARV, MARV! I... CAN'T SEE! I'M BLIND! THE CAR..

BANG! BANG!



IN TWO MINUTES THE BEASTLY BROTHERS WERE NO MORE! EIGHT MONTHS OF MADNESS ENDED IN AN ETERNITY OF DEATH! LOOK UPON THESE FACES—THOSE WHO BABBLE OF EASY MONEY AND THE PROFITS OF CRIME! I TRY TO LET THEM SEE THAT THE PENALTY OF CRIME IS NOT ONLY THE FINAL PUNISHMENT, AS IN THIS CASE, BUT ALSO THE ULCEROS FEAR OF IT, WHICH IS WORSE! COMMON SENSE WILL TELL

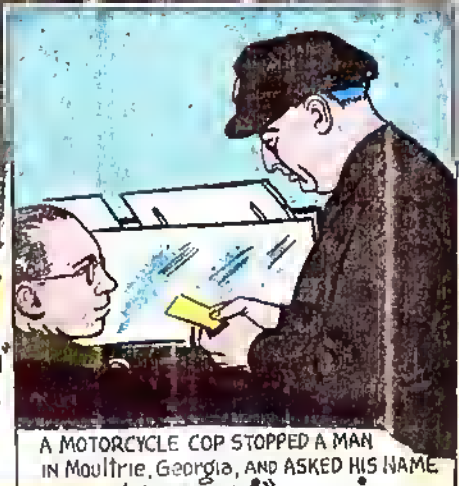


THE END—CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

OBEY THE LAW

ON THE LEVEL

by C.H. MOORE



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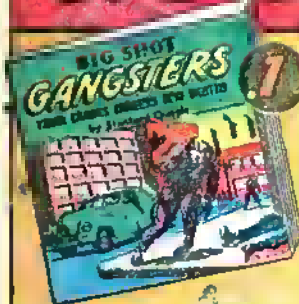
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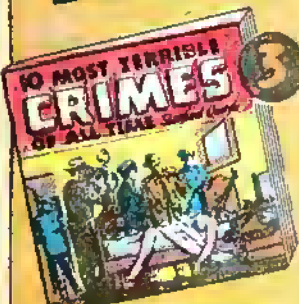
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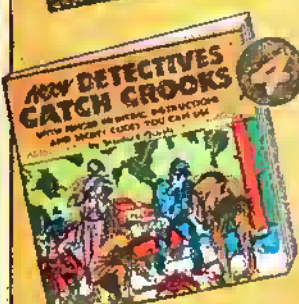
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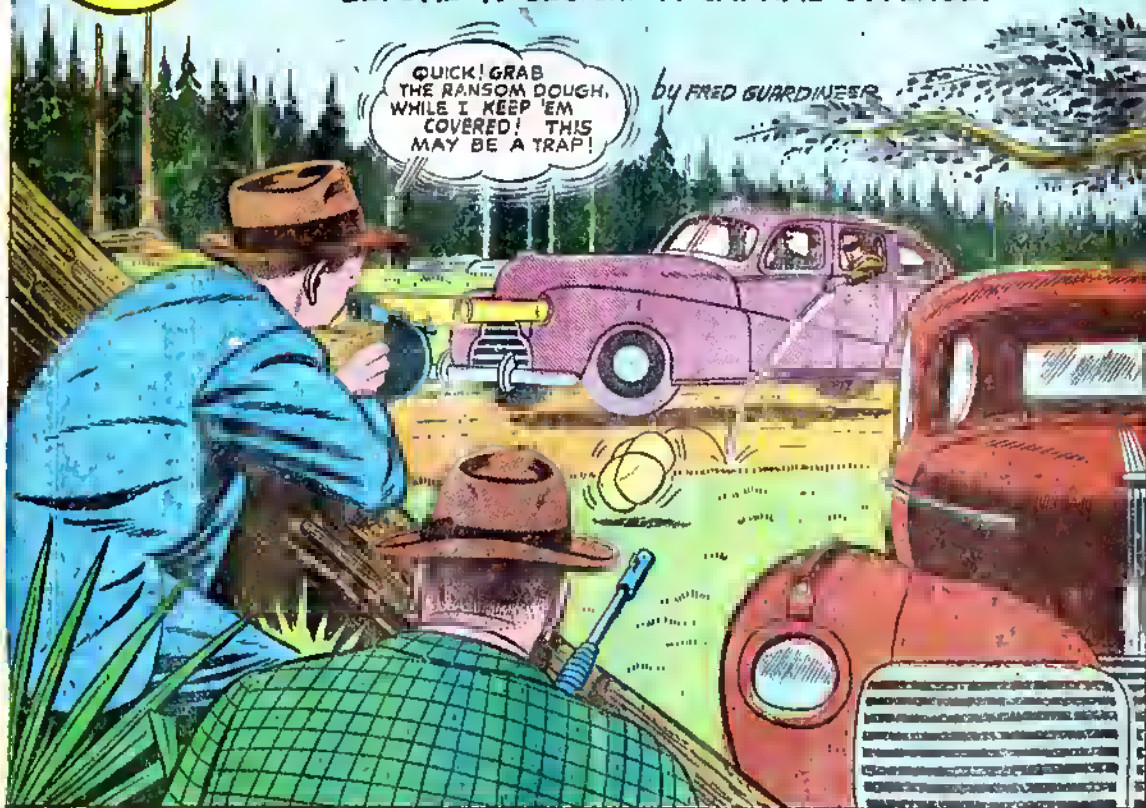
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DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



BILL DILLON

ONE OF THE LAST OF THE NOTORIOUS KIDNAPPERS,
WHO USED THAT CRUEL METHOD OF CRIME
BEFORE IT BECAME A CAPITAL OFFENSE!



ON A FARM IN SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA, IN 1936!

GO ON, WORK YOUR FOOL HEADS OFF FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES! I'M THROUGH WITH IT! THERE'S TOO MUCH EASY MONEY LAYING AROUND FOR A FELLOW WHO'S GOT A LITTLE GUTS! WE ARE CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE BORDER TO BE OF SERVICE TO A LOT OF THIRSTY PEOPLE!

YOU MEAN BOOT-LEGGING, BILL? WHY YOU STUPID, LAZY BUM! IF JOE AND ME HADN'T PROMISED MOM WE'D LOOK AFTER YOU, I'D BOOT YOU OFF THE FARM SO QUICK, IT'D MAKE YOUR HEAD SWIM!

THE FARM! THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT LIFE-GETTING UP EARLY AND WORKING LIKE A HORSE! WHY, YOU SQUARES, I CAN MAKE MORE DOUGH IN A WEEK THAN YOUR FARM WILL GET IN A YEAR! I'M LEAVING, SO DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME TRYING TO STOP ME!

STOP YOU! I'M GOING TO HELP YOU!

GET GOING!

AND DON'T GET ANY IDEAS ABOUT HIDING OUT UP HERE, WHEN THE LAW GETS AFTER YOU! ONCE YOU LEAVE HERE, WE DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



OBEY THE LAW

I'M TAKIN' THE FIRST CAR THAT STOPS! IF IT'S GOT A U.S. LICENSE, I'LL HEAD FOR THE STATES, OTHERWISE I'LL HEAD UP AROUND MONTREAL! IT WON'T MATTER MUCH, JUST SO LONG AS IT'S A BIG TOWN WITH LOTS OF PICKINGS!



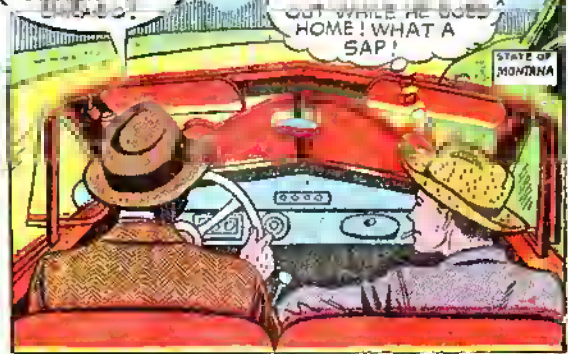
IT'S THE U.S. FOR ME! THERE'S MORE DOUGH THERE FOR A SMART GUY, ANYWAY!



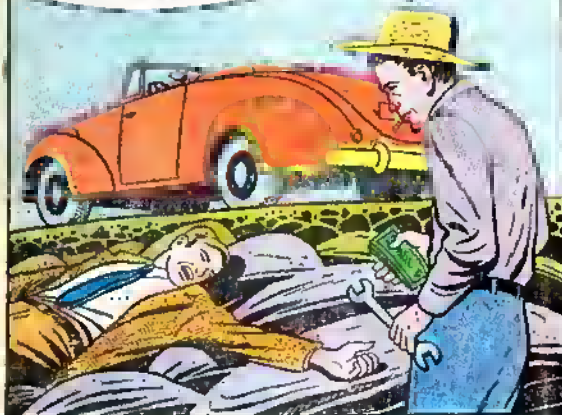
WELL, BILL, WE'LL BE IN BUTTE, MONTANA, IN ANOTHER HOUR! IF YOU STILL WANT TO GO TO CHICAGO, I'LL DROP YOU ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY! STAY WITH IT AND I'LL TAKE YOU STRAIGHT INTO CHICAGO!

YEAH, SURE, THAT'LL BE FINE—SAY, THAT LEFT REAR SHOCK ABSORBER FEELS FUNNY! I THINK YOU OUGHTA HAVE A LOOK AT IT!

CAN YOU BEAT IT? THIS YOKEL EXPECTS ME TO GET OUT WHILE HE DOES HOME! WHAT A SAP!



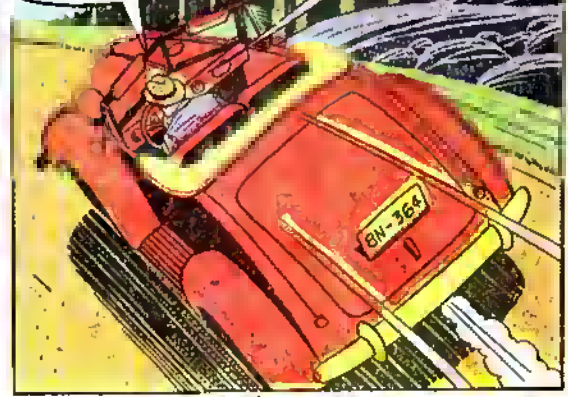
...45...50...54 BUCKS! NOT BAD, BUT IT'S JUST GAS AND OIL MONEY! THE NEXT JOB'S GOTTA BE FOR SOME REAL DOUGH!



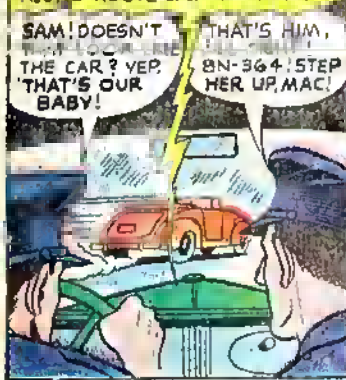
SO LONG, SUCKER! ENJOY YOUR HEADACHE!

WOULDN'T THOSE SQUARE-HEAD BROTHERS OF MINE PUCKER UP TO SEE THEIR KID BROTHER WITH A BRAND NEW BOAT AND A POCKET FULL OF CABBAGE?

I BET I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE PICKING UP A DAME WITH THIS LOAD!

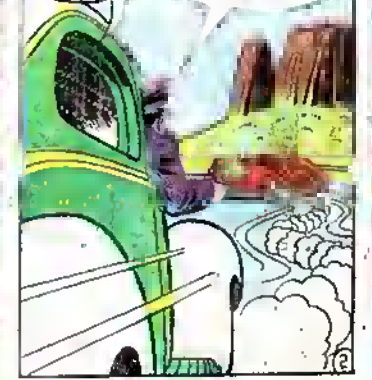


CALLING ALL CARS! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A STOLEN 1936 RED PONTIAC ROADSTER, LICENSE NUMBER...MONTANA BN-364! USE CAUTION, DRIVER MAY BE ARMED! BELIEVED HEADED EAST ALONG ROUTE ONE! THAT IS ALL!



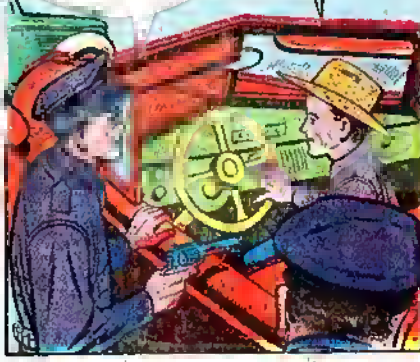
ATTA BOY, SAM! YOU GOT ONE OF THE TIRES! HE'S SWERVING ALL OVER THE ROAD!

CLOSE UP FAST! I BET WE'LL WIN THAT POOL AGAIN THIS MONTH, WITH ANOTHER STOLEN CAR TO OUR CREDIT!



BOY, YOU GUYS SURE CAN BE OUMB! HOW'D YOU EXPECT TO GET AWAY WITH A FLASHY CAR LIKE THIS? OKAY, PUNK, BACK YOU GO TO FACE THE MUSIC!

AW, DRY UP! NEXT TIME I'LL KNOW BETTER! I'LL HAVE A GUN, TOO!



OBEDIENT THE LAW

BILL DIDN'T MAKE CHICAGO THAT TRIP! INSTEAD HE WOUND UP IN THE MONTANA STATE PENITENTIARY ON A 2-4 YEAR SENTENCE FOR CAR THEFT!

I'M THROUGH PULLING JOBS FOR PEANUTS! FROM NOW ON IT'S BANK STICK-UPS! FIFTY BUCKS OR FIFTY THOUSAND, YOU GET THE SAME SENTENCE!



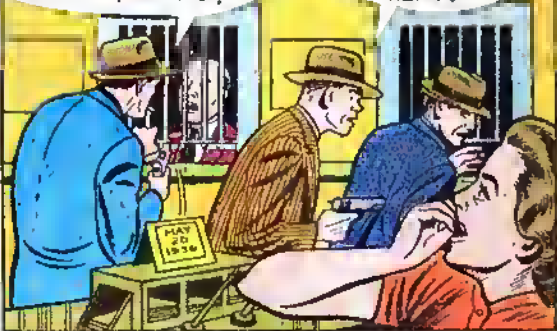
TWO YEARS IN THIS BLACK HOLE! TOMORROW'S THE DAY I GET MY WALKING PAPERS, AND THERE'S TWO BIRTHDAYS I'M GOIN' TO HAVE TO MAKE UP FOR IN A BIG WAY!



AND SO, ON MAY 26, 1938, WITH A STIR MATE, JOE RYAN, BILL MADE THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF HIS NEW CAREER, AT THE MERCHANTS' FINANCIAL BANK ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SPOKANE, WASHINGTON!

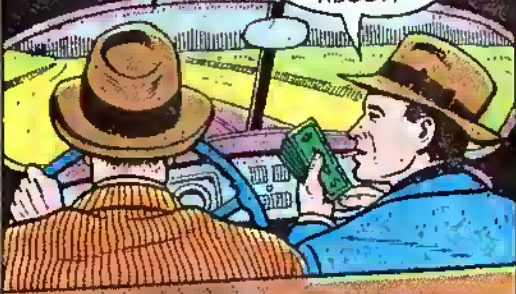
YOU KNOW WHAT WE WANT, DUMMY! START SHOVELIN' IT THROUGH, AND NO MONKEY BUSINESS, OR I'LL BLOW YOUR BALD HEAD OFF, GET ME?

DON'T ANYONE GET FRISKY OR THERE'LL BE A COUPLE OF STIFFS GETTIN' COLD WHEN WE SCRAM OUTA HERE!



ONLY FIVE GRAND? AND THEY HAVE NERVE ENOUGH TO CALL THEMSELVES A BANK! PHOOEY! I'M GOING TO PULL OVER, 50'S WE CAN CHANGE THE LICENSE PLATES! SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE SPOTTED THEM!

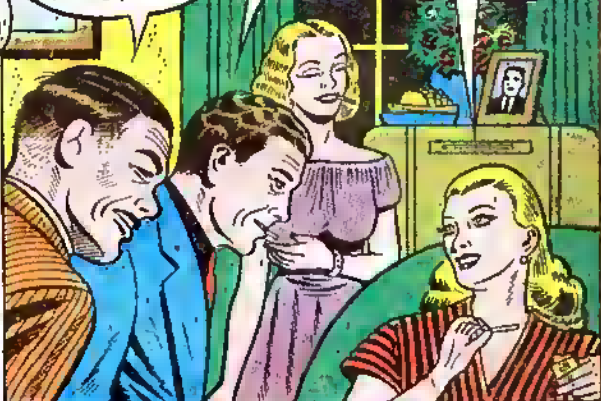
WAIT! YA SEE WHAT WE GET TOMORROW WHEN WE KNOCK OFF THE SPOKANE NATIONAL! THAT'S THE BIGGEST MONEY MINDEE AROUND THESE PARTS! SAY, WE'RE STILL SCRAMMIN' OUT TO YOUR GAL'S APARTMENT, AIN'T WE JOE? I'M DYIN' TO MEET THAT BLONDE FRIEND OF HERS YOU'VE BEEN RAVING ABOUT!



YOU TWO ARE GONNA LIKE EACH OTHER! BLANCHE, THIS IS BILL DILLON! BILL, MEET BLANCHE CRANE!

HI, BLANCHE!

I'VE BEEN HEARING SOME NICE THINGS ABOUT YOU, BILL! SIT DOWN BESIDE ME AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF!



I HEARD FROM SALLY THAT YOU AN' JOE WERE ON A JOB TODAY! HOW'D IT GO, HANDSOME?

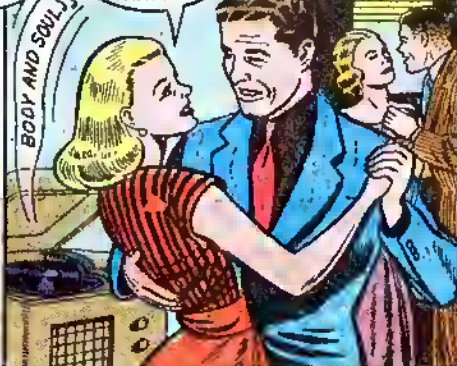
YOU MEAN YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BANK? WELL, WHY NOT? I LIKE MY WOMEN TO KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN' AND YOU STRIKE ME LIKE MY KIND OF WOMAN! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG FINE, BILL, HONEY! I CAN TELL YOU'RE NOT THE PIKER TYPE, WHO NEVER SPENDS MONEY ON GALS, LIKE BUYIN' HER NICE PRESENTS AND THINGS LIKE THAT!

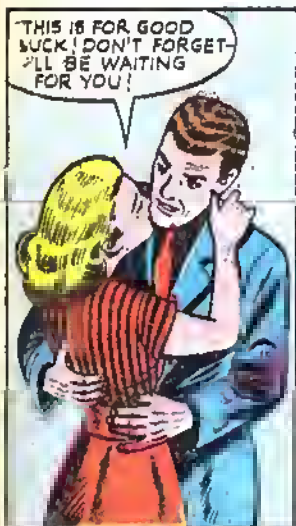
YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL, KIDDO! YOU STICK TO PAPA AN' YOU'LL HAVE SO MUCH ICE, YOU'LL NEED A TRUCK TO CARRY IT AROUND IN!

OKAY, YOU TWO LOVE BIRDS, BREAK IT UP! BILL AND I GOT TO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP! WE WANNA BE ON OUR TOES TOMORROW—AIN'T THAT RIGHT, BILL?

I'LL KEEP MY FINGERS CROSSED FOR YOU, BILL! AND I'LL HAVE MY BAGS PACKED WHEN YOU COME FOR ME AFTERWARDS!



OBEY THE LAW



THIS IS FOR GOOD LUCK! DON'T FORGET- I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU!



THINGS WENT OFF LIKE TRIGGER ACTION-QUICK, ACCURATE, AND EXPLOSIVE, IN THE SPOKANE NATIONAL BANK!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!



OH!!!

I'M GOING FOR THE MOOLA! COVER ME, JOE!

YEEEE!



IT'S A HOLD-UP!

THAT'S RIGHT, LADY, AND UNLESS YOU WANT TO CHANGE IT TO MURDER, START THROWING THE DOUGH INTO THIS BAG-FAST, OR YOU'LL TASTE LEAD!

COME ON, WE'VE BEEN HERE A MINUTE TOO LONG, ALREADY!

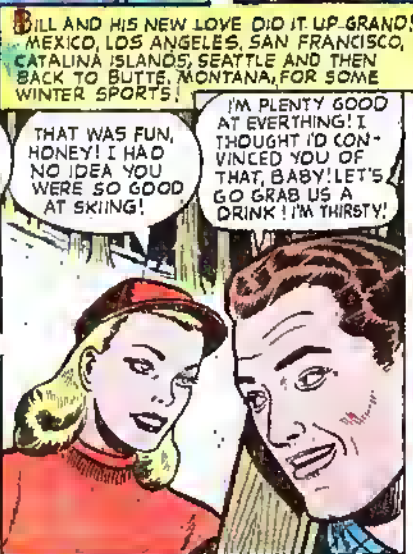
BE WITH YA, AS SOON AS I PUT THE FEAR OF DEATH INTO THESE NUT HEADS!

STAY BACK, EVERYBODY! DON'T MOVE! THE FIRST ONE WHO TRIES TO STOP US FROM LEAVIN' GETS IT RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!



THERE'S YOUR SHARE, JOE! ALMOST \$46,000! AS SOON AS I GET BLANCHE, WE'LL BE PULLING OUTA THIS BURG, AND HAVE US A TIME SPENDIN' THIS HEAD OF LETTUCE! SEE YOU IN CHICAGO IN SIX MONTHS!

OKAY, BILL! NOW BEAT IT, SO'S I CAN DITCH THIS HEAP, HUH?



BILL AND HIS NEW LOVE DID IT UP GRAND! MEXICO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, CATALINA ISLANDS, SEATTLE AND THEN BACK TO BUTTE, MONTANA, FOR SOME WINTER SPORTS!

THAT WAS FUN, HONEY! I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SO GOOD AT SKIING!

I'M PLENTY GOOD AT EVERYTHING! I THOUGHT I'D CONVINCED YOU OF THAT, BABY! LET'S GO GRAB US A DRINK! I'M THIRSTY!



DON'T GET EXCITED, BUT THERE'S A MAN OUT THERE GIVING US THE EYE! DO YOU THINK HE'S SPOTTED US?

YEAH? WHICH ONE?

OBEY THE LAW

YOU WERE RIGHT! WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED! HE'S TALKIN' IT OVER WITH TWO GUYS WHO LOOK LIKE DICKS! OF ALL THE DAYS I HAD TO LEAVE MY GAT UP IN THE ROOM! HERE THEY COME NOW- ACT DUMB!

STAND WHERE YOU ARE, BOTH OF YOU!

THAT'S HIM, ALRIGHT! I NEVER FORGET A FACE! HE'S ONE OF THE THUGS WHO HELD UP MY BANK IN SPOKANE FIVE MONTHS AGO!

HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

ROUTINE PINCH, BUDDY! JUST COME QUIETLY AND WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH IF YOU'RE THE GUY HE CLAIMS YOU ARE! JUST DON'T GIVE US ANY TROUBLE!

THE BANKER WAS RIGHT, CHIEF! THE PRINTS CHECKED WITH WASHINGTON! THIS IS BILL DILLON, GRADUATE OF MONTANA STATE PEN, AND WANTED FOR THE TWO BANK JOBS IN SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, PULLED LAST APRIL!

ALL RIGHT, YOU GOT ME, COPPERS, BUT YOU'RE GONNA BE PLENTY SORRY YOU DID, BEFORE I'M THROUGH!

TOUGH GUY, EH? WE GET ONE LIKE YOU EVERY DAY, BUT A LONG STRETCH IN THE CAN COOLS 'EM DOWN, AND THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU GOT COMING! LOCK HIM UP!



SEVENTY YEARS WAS WHAT BILL DILLON'S BANK ROBBERIES NETTED HIM! HE WAS RETURNED TO THE WASHINGTON STATE PRISON FOR HIS POST-GRADUATE WORK!

I'D RATHER GET A BULLET IN MY BACK GOIN' OVER THE WALL, THAN SPEND TWENTY YEARS IN THIS STIR! I CAN'T STAND THIS MUCH LONGER! IT'S DRIVIN' ME NUTS!

SURE, BILL! I KNOW HOW IT IS, BUT YOU GOT IT WRONG! YOU'VE BEEN HERE TWO YEARS AND YOU'VE SPENT 18 MONTHS OF IT IN SOLITARY FOR BEIN' THE RING LEADER FOR THAT JAIL-BREAK ATTEMPT! WHY DON'T YOU BE SMART AND TRY TO GET THE PAROLE BOARD ON YOUR SIDE?

THAT'S EASY FOR A PUNK LIKE YOU TO SAY, WALLY! I COULD DO YOUR TWO-YEAR STRETCH STANDIN' ON MY HEAD! BUT 18 MORE... NEVER! I'D RATHER DIE!

OKAY, SUIT YOURSELF! BUT I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT! ALL THE CONS IN THIS SARDINE CAN, WITH LONG STRETCHES, GET THEMSELVES PUT UP BEFORE THE PAROLE BOARD AN' GIVE 'EM A SONG AN' DANCE ABOUT HOW SORRY THEY ARE AN' WHAT ANGELS THEY'D BE IF THEY EVER GOT ANOTHER CHANCE!

THE SAPPY PAROLE BOARD FALLS FOR IT NEARLY EVERY TIME! YOU DO AS I SAY AN' I'LL EAT STRAW IF YOU DON'T GET WALKIN' PAPERS WITHIN THREE YEARS! LOOK-I'M GETTIN' OUT TOMORROW, AN' I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE RED'S PHOTO?

THANKS! HOW DOES A HOMELY MUG LIKE YOU RATE A DISH LIKE THIS? I'M GONNA TRY FOR THE PAROLE, WALLY, AN' IF IT WORKS, I'LL LOOK YOU UP JUST TO SEE IF YOUR GAL IS AS GOOD AS HER PICTURE!



YOU SENT FDR ME, WARDEN?

I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR YOU, DILLON! IN SPITE OF MY OBJECTIONS, THE PAROLE BOARD HAS FALLEN FOR YOUR SYMPATHY ACT! THEY THINK YOU'RE WORTH TAKING A CHANCE ON, AFTER 4 YEARS WITH US! ME, I KNOW BETTER! YOUR KIND NEVER CHANGES, SO I'LL JUST SAY SO LONG - FOR NOW! YOU LEAVE TOMORROW!

IT WAS 1942, AND EVERY AMERICAN WAS TIGHTENING HIS BELT FOR THE STRUGGLE AHEAD, BUT NOT DILLON! HE WAS GOING TO MAKE THE WAR CONFUSION PAYOFF!

WILL YA LOOK AT THE POOR SUCKERS IN UNIFORM! FOR ONCE STIR PAID OFF! THE ARMY DON'T PLAY WITH EX-CONS ON THE TEAM! AND THAT'S MORE THAN OKAY WITH ME! I WON'T HAVE TO DO ANY CRAFT DODGING! I THINK I'LL HEIST A HIGH-POWERED BOAT AND GIVE MYSELF A CHANGE OF CLIMATE!



OBEY THE LAW

I'LL NEVER MAKE SALT LAKE CITY IN THE MORNING, UNLESS I PICK UP SOMEONE TO HELP WITH THE DRIVING, BUT I HATE TO GIVE A STRANGER A RIDE, WITH ALL THIS MONEY IN MY POCKET!



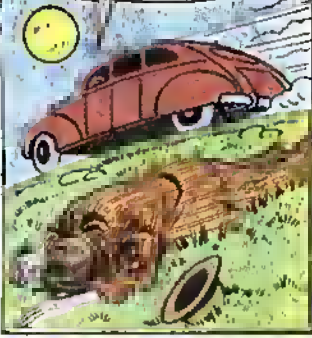
THANKS FOR THE LIFT, BUDDY! IT'S DARN NICE OF YOU TO STOP FOR ME SO LATE AT NIGHT! TOO BAD I'M SUCH A LOUSE!

STOP THE CAR!

IF THIS IS A HOLD UP, I HAVEN'T GOT MUCH MONEY!



NOT MUCH ON HIM, HE SAID! IT'S GETTIN' SO'S A GUY CAN'T EVEN TRUST THE SUCKERS! SEVEN HUNDRED FISH, AND A BRAND NEW SUPER! AS LONG AS I'M PASSING THROUGH SALT LAKE CITY, I MAY AS WELL LOOK UP MY OLD CELL MATE, WALLY!



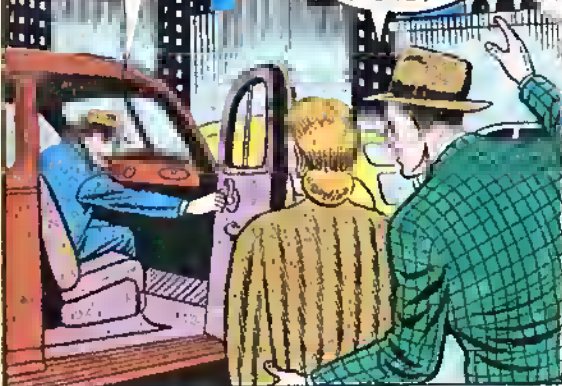
WALLY, YOU OLD SON OF A GUN! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOUR UGLY PUSS- AND THIS MUST BE THE RED-HEAD! I'D RECOGNIZE HER ANYWHERE!

BILL DILLON! YOU OLD WARLUS! SO THEY FINALLY SPRUNG YA! C'MON, WE WERE JUST GOING TO GRAB A BITE!

THAT WAS SOME MEAL-AND THE CHAMPAGNE, HMM! SAY, WALLY, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU HAD FRIENDS LIKE BILL?

HE'S ALL RIGHT! WELL, HOT-SHOT, WHERE TO NOW- SHALL WE SHOW YOU THE REST OF THE TOWN?

SURE THING! I FEEL LIKE SOME ACTION TONIGHT! LET'S PILE INTO MY HEAP AND BURN UP THE ROAD!



YOU PASSED THAT LIGHT, BILL! SLOW DOWN- I DON'T WANT TO GET IN ANY TROUBLE AROUND HERE! I'M STILL ON PAROLE HERE, YOU KNOW!

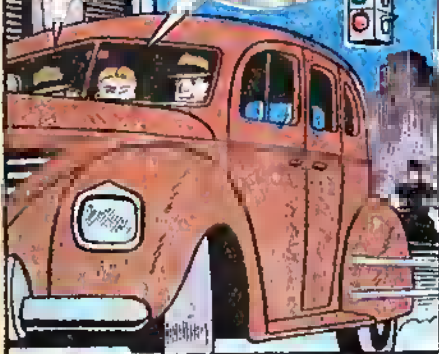
SO'S BILL! RELAX, WALLY. WE'RE OUT TO HAVE SOME FUN, REMEMBER? ON THE MONEY YOU EARN FROM THE GARAGE, WE NEVER GET FURTHER THAN THE LOCAL MOVIE ON SATURDAY NIGHT, AND I'M SICK OF IT!

WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW! THERE'S A COP AFTER US! DIDN'T I WARN YOU ABOUT PASSIN' ALL THOSE LIGHTS?

OH, YEAH? WELL, I'LL FIX THAT!

DON'T MAKE ANY TROUBLE, BILL! JUST TAKE THE TICKET, PLEASE!

SHUT UP! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS!



OBEY THE LAW

NEVER MIND THE EXCUSES FOR FLYING LOW! LET'S HAVE YOUR LICENSE-AND YOUR DRAFT CARD, TOO! YOU SLACKERS USING UP GAS MAKES ME SICK!

WHY OF COURSE, OFFICER...

...AND HERE THEY ARE!

YOU KILLED HIM! I WAS GOING STRAIGHT! NOW YOU'VE MADE ME A MURDER ACCOMPLICE! WHATCHA HAVE TO DO THAT FOR, YOU DARN FOOL?

BECAUSE THIS IS A HOT HEAP! IF HE'D HAVE BROUGHT US IN, WE'D BOTH BE BACK IN STIR! WHO'D BELIEVE YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! GET WISE, WALLY, COPPERS NEVER GIVE AN EX-CON A BREAK! BESIDES, YOU HEARD RED HERE SAY SHE WAS SICK OF YOUR PENNY-PINCHING! STICK WITH ME- I'VE GOT BIG IDEAS FOR SOME REAL DOUGH!

IT DAWNED UPON BILL THAT KID ROBBERY FOR A TWO MAN TEAM INVOLVED MORE RISK THAN PROFIT! WHAT HE NEEDED WAS A NEW FIELD OF CRIME-SOMETHING WITH A DEFENSELESS VICTIM! IN TACOMA, WASHINGTON, THE TRIO FOUND JUST THAT!

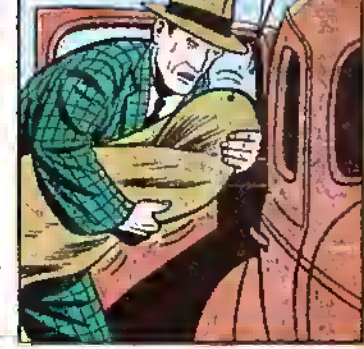
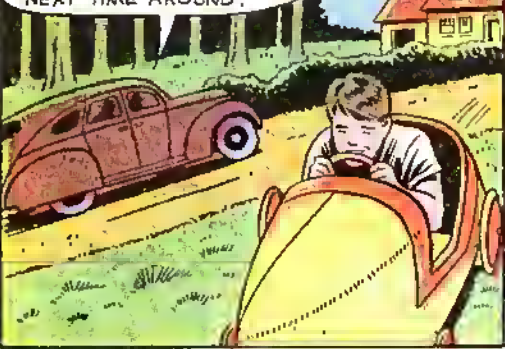
GOOD-LOOKING KID! DRIVE THROUGH THAT DIRT ROAD AHEAD AND CIRCLE THE PLACE! WE'LL GRAB HIM THE NEXT TIME AROUND!

SONNY, CAN YOU TELL US HOW TO GET TO TOWN FROM HERE?

WHY, YES! YOU TAKE THE ROAD THERE, AND THEN...

TAKE OFF! KID, IF YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER AGAIN, JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND DO AS WE SAY!

PUT ME DOWN- HELP! LET ME GO-



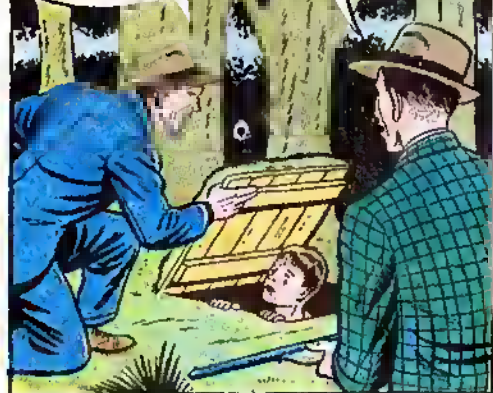
GET DOWN THERE AND KEEP YOUR 'TRAP' SHUT! ANY SQUAWKS OUTTA YOU, AND I'LL CUT YOUR EARS OFF! GET ME?

THIS MAY BE THE BEST HIDEOUT, BUT HE'S ONLY A KID AND IT'S DAMP DOWN THERE! HAVE A HEART, BILL!

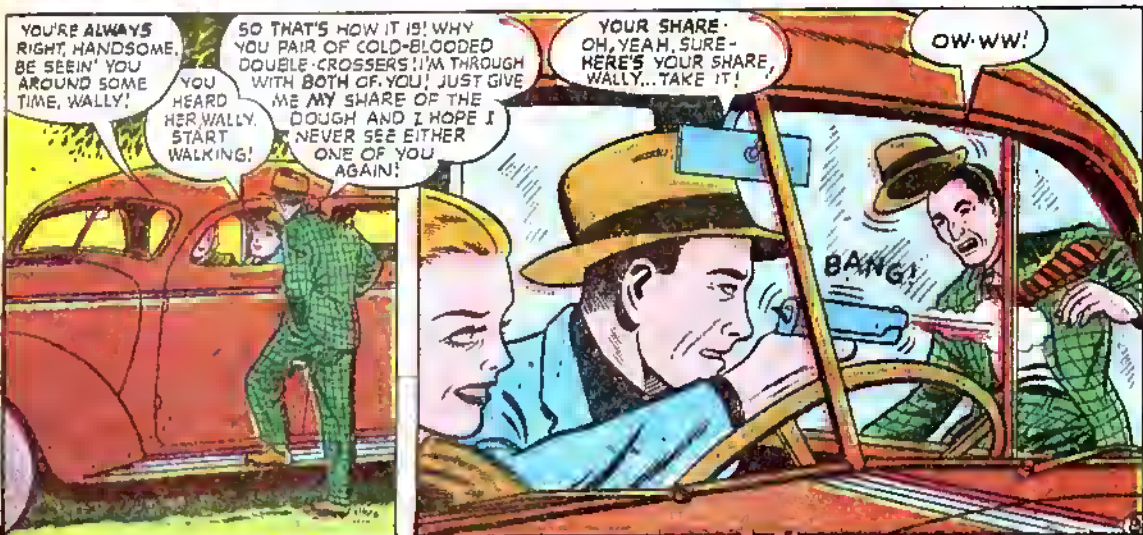
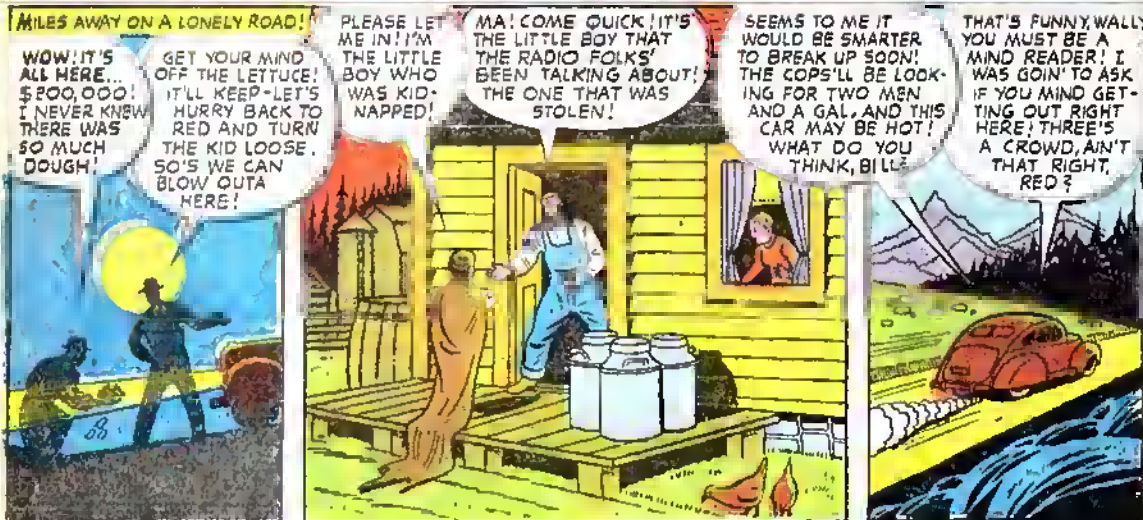
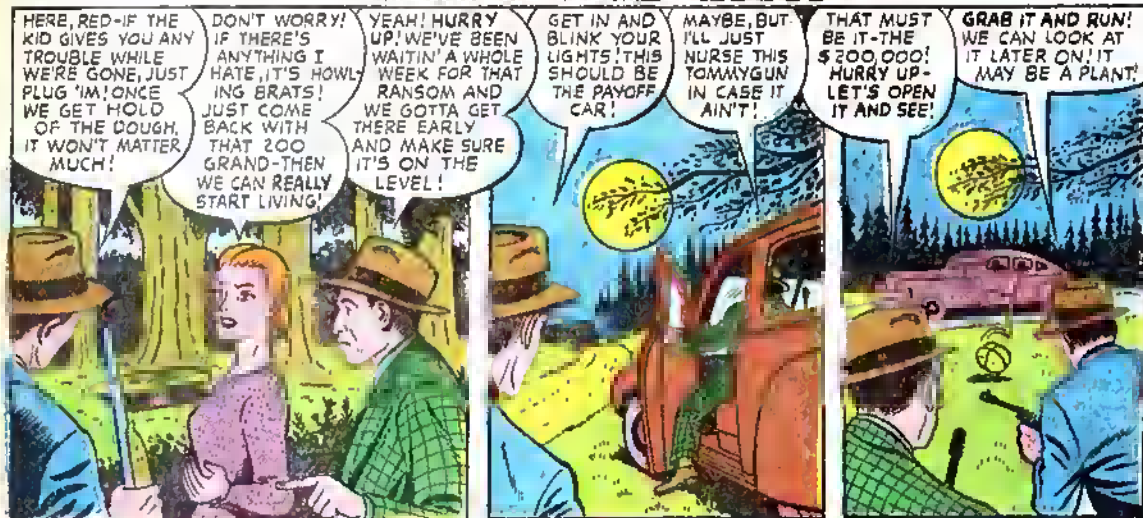
LOOK HERE, WALLY! WHEN I DECIDE TO DO SOMETHING, I AIN'T STOPPIN' TO ASK YOUR PUNK ADVICE!

DON'T GET MAD! I WAS JUST SUGGESTING!

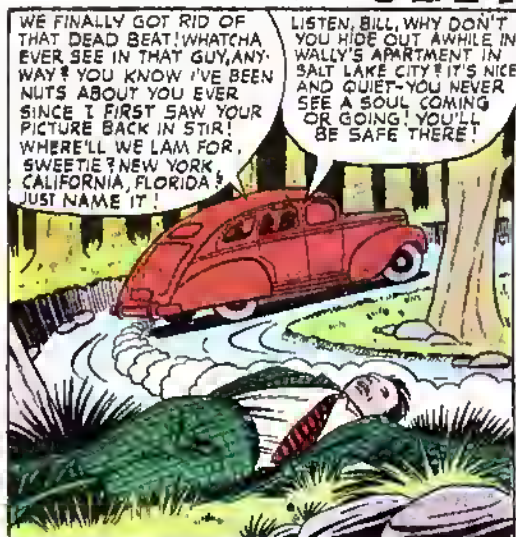
WELL, SEE THAT'S ALL YOU DO! NOW LET'S GET GOIN'- WE'RE SUPPOSED TO MEET THE PAY-OFF CAR IN LESS THAN AN HOUR-CALL RED!



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW

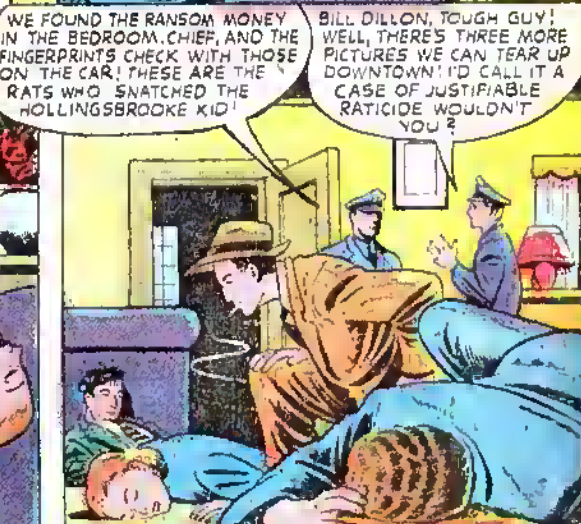
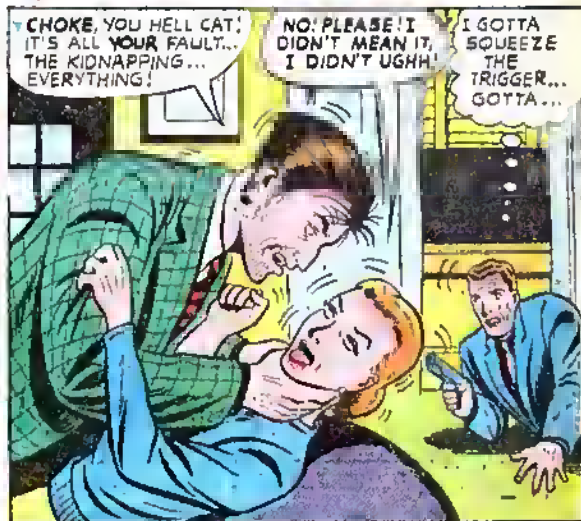
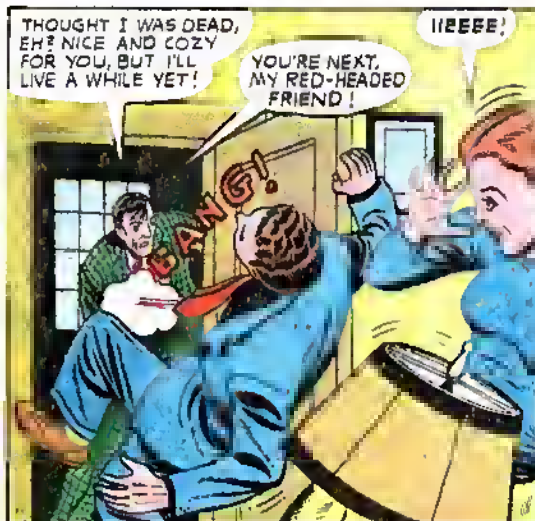


LISTEN, BILL, WHY DON'T YOU HIDE OUT AWHILE IN WALLY'S APARTMENT IN SALT LAKE CITY? IT'S NICE AND QUIET—YOU NEVER SEE A SOUL COMING OR GOING! YOU'LL BE SAFE THERE!

I CAN SEE THEM IN THERE! THE DIRTY RATS THINK THEY ARE SAFE IN THEIR HOLES! WELL, HERE'S ONE CORPSE THAT'S GOING TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO PAY THEM BACK DOUBLE! I'LL TAKE TWO FOR THEIR ONE!

RING! RING!

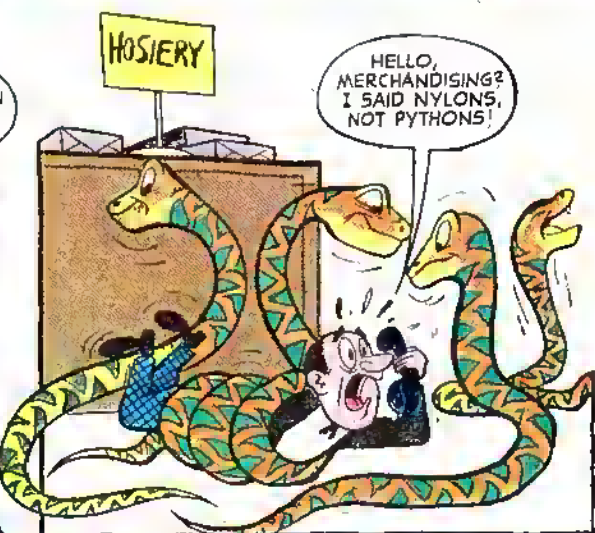
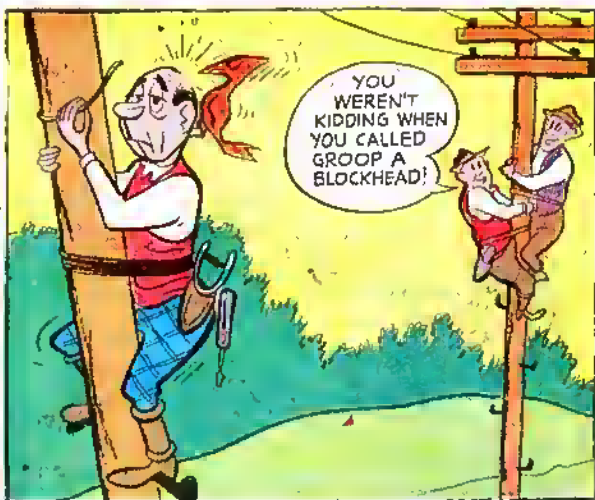
THAT'S THE GUY WITH THE FIRE WATER, BABY! STAY PUT—I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



THE END—CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

**This'll
KILL YA!**

NO, NO, CASSIDY...
I SEE THIS SLIDE
WILL TAKE A LOT
OF PRACTICE!



SPEAK UP!

JUST AS IN CRIME
DOES NOT PAY, ONE
PAGE OF THIS MAGAZINE WILL BE
YOUR PAGE! IT WILL BE DEVOTED
ENTIRELY TO YOUR IDEAS, OPINIONS AND
SUGGESTIONS! \$2.00 WILL BE PAID TO THE WRITER
OF EACH LETTER PUBLISHED! ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, 114 EAST 32nd STREET, NEW
YORK 16, N.Y. PLEASE TRY TO LIMIT LETTERS TO ABOUT 50
WORDS! ALL LETTERS BECOME THE
PROPERTY OF LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS, INC., AND WE
RESERVE THE RIGHT TO EDIT SAME!

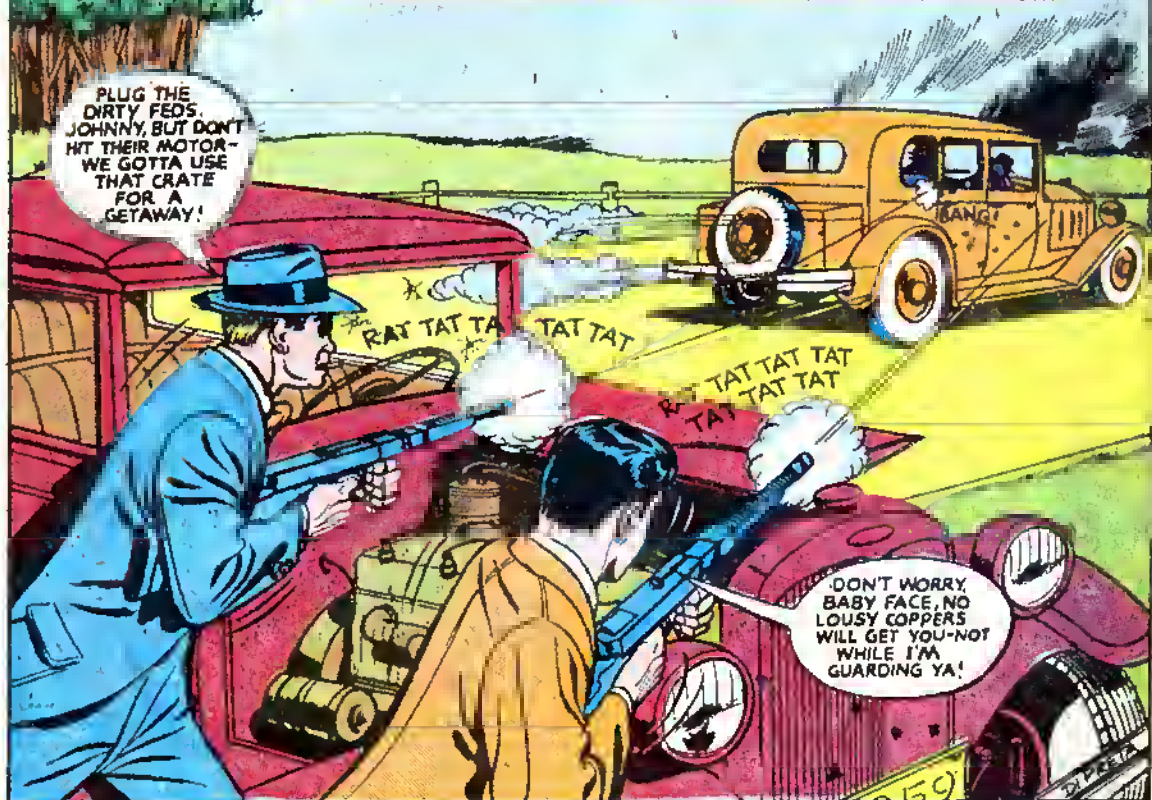
SO SPEAK UP!

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

**A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY**

JOHN PAUL CHASE

A SAN FRANCISCO BOOTLEGGER, WHO MET AND IDOLIZED BABY FACE NELSON, VIEWED HIS EXPLOITS AS THOSE OF BRAVERY INSTEAD OF COWARDICE, AND FOLLOWED IN HIS ROTTEN PATH!



ON A WATERFRONT HANGOUT OF A SMALL CITY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF SAN FRANCISCO, IN 1932!

DID YOU HEAR THE BIG NEWS? THE DILLINGER MOB ROBBED ANOTHER BANK TODAY!

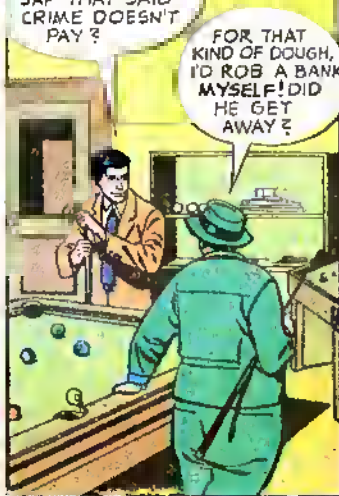
WHAT, AGAIN? HOW MUCH DID THEY GET THIS TIME, JOHNNY?

A HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS! WHO WAS THE SAP THAT SAID CRIME DOESN'T PAY?

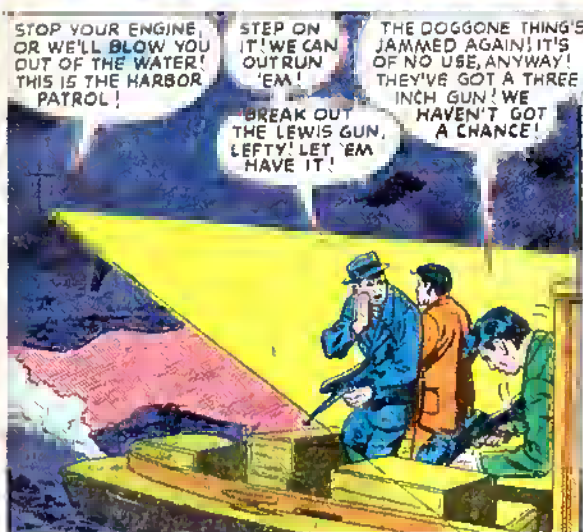
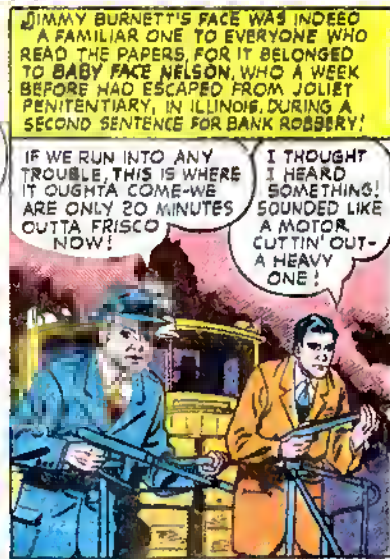
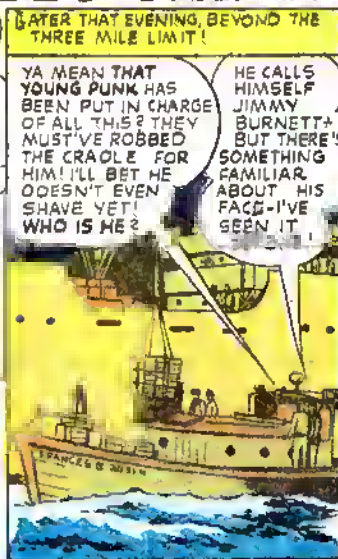
FOR THAT KIND OF DOUGH, I'D ROB A BANK MYSELF! DID HE GET AWAY?

I'LL SAY HE DID! SAY, FAT SO, HE MADE SAPS OF THOSE COPS! ONE CAME AT HIM AND HE MOWED HIM DOWN WITH A MACHINE GUN-LIKE THIS, RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! THEN HE JUMPED INTO A CAR AND WHIZZED AWAY! HE'S SLICK, ALRIGHT-WHATTA GUY! BOY, WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE IN ON A JOB WITH HIM!

YOU'RE DOING ALRIGHT WITH THE MOB YOU'RE TIED UP WITH NOW! THAT RUM-RUNNING SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!



OBEY THE LAW



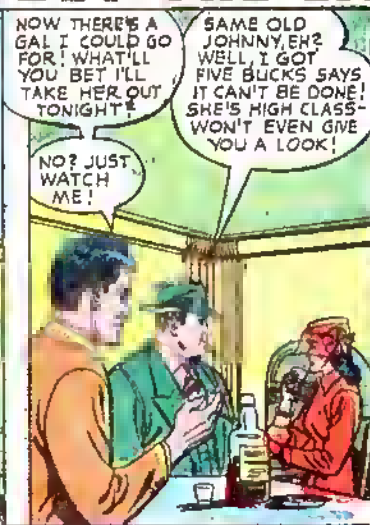
OBEY THE LAW



THIS WILL BE OUR LAST DRINK FOR AWHILE, FATSO!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOIN' AWAY?

YEAH, I'M HEADING EAST WITH BURNETT! I'M WORKIN' FOR HIM NOW! I TOLE 'IM ABOUT YOU, FATSO, SO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR A LETTER! WE MAY SEND FOR YOU! IF WE DO, YOU BE PLENTY OF DOUGH IN IT!



NOW THERE'S A GAL I COULD GO FOR! WHAT'LL YOU BET I'LL TAKE HER OUT TONIGHT?

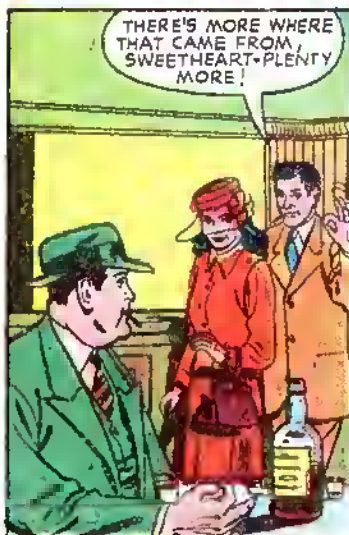
NO? JUST WATCH ME!

SAME OLD JOHNNY, EH? WELL, I GOT FIVE BUCKS SAYS IT CAN'T BE DONE! SHE'S HIGH CLASS- WON'T EVEN GIVE YOU A LOOK!



THE NAME'S JOHNNY CHASE-LET'S GO OUT AND SPEND THIS, GORGEOUS!

WHY-ALL RIGHT, WHO COULD RESIST...ALL THAT MONEY?



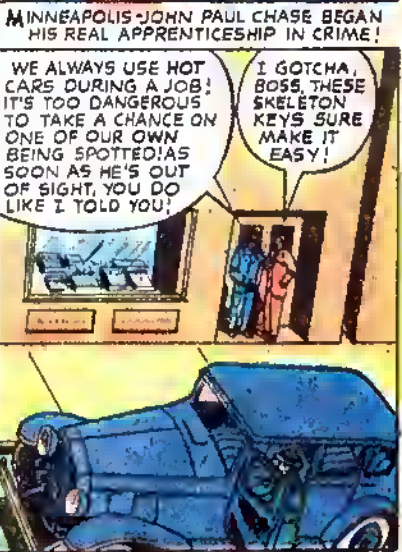
THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM, SWEETHEART-PLENTY MORE!



I LIKE THE WAY YOU TALK! YOU SEEM TO KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND!

LOOK! THE DOLLS YOU CAN GET, IF YA GOT DOUGH! JOHNNY'S RIGHT, ONLY SAPS WORK FOR A LIVING! JUST WAIT TILL I GET THAT LETTER HE PROMISED TO SEND!

WHY NOT? I'M NO PUNK, I GET WHAT EVER I WANT, SEE?



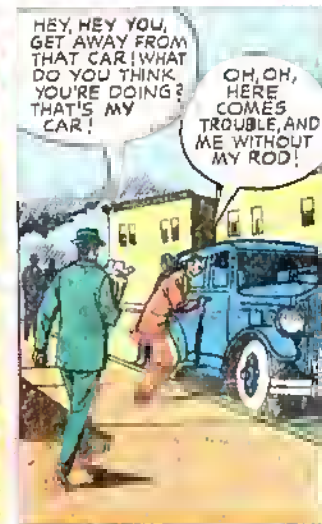
WE ALWAYS USE HOT CARS DURING A JOB! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS TO TAKE A CHANCE ON ONE OF OUR OWN BEING SPOTTED! AS SOON AS HE'S OUT OF SIGHT, YOU DO LIKE I TOLD YOU!

I GOTCHA, BOSS, THESE SKELETON KEYS SURE MAKE IT EASY!



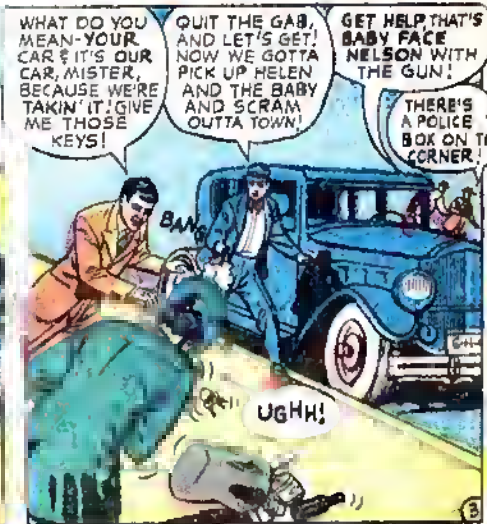
FOR PETE'S SAKE, KID, HUSTLE IT UP! HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE YOU TO OPEN A DOOR? THE OWNER IS LIABLE TO SHOW UP ANY MINUTE!

I CAN'T HELP IT! NONE OF THESE KEYS SEEM TO FIT! MAYBE YOU BETTER TRY IT!



HEY, HEY YOU, GET AWAY FROM THAT CAR! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? THAT'S MY CAR!

OH, OH, HERE COMES TROUBLE, AND ME WITHOUT MY ROD!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN- YOUR CAR? IT'S OUR CAR, MISTER, BECAUSE WE'RE TAKIN' IT! GIVE ME THOSE KEYS!

QUIT THE GAB, AND LET'S GET! NOW WE GOTTA PICK UP HELEN AND THE BABY AND SCRAM OUTTA TOWN!

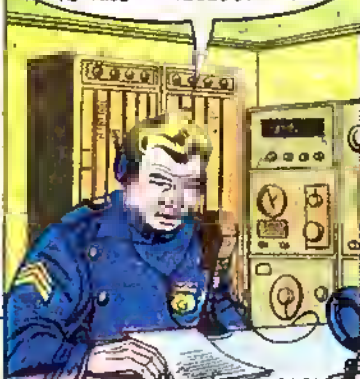
GET HELP, THAT'S BABY FACE NELSON WITH THE GUN!

THERE'S A POLICE BOX ON THE CORNER!

UGHH!

OBEY THE LAW

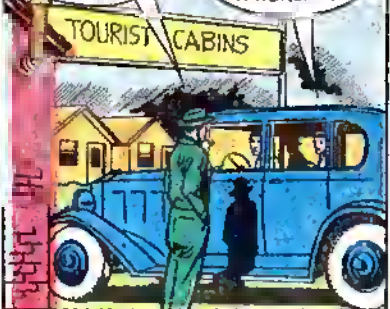
CALLING ALL CARS—GENERAL ALARM FOR BABY FACE NELSON, BELIEVED HEADING WEST IN BLUE 1932 PACKARD SEDAN, CALIFORNIA LICENSE 6H-475, WITH WIFE AND CHILD AND ACCOMPICE! HE IS A DANGEROUS KILLER—SHOOT TO KILL IF NECESSARY!



THE QUARTET RACED ACROSS THE WEST TOWARD BREMERSTON, WASHINGTON...

YOU'LL FIND NUMBER EIGHT PRETTY CLEAN! IF YOU FOLKS ARE HUNGRY, I'VE GOT A FAIR SUPPLY OF GROCERIES AND THE LIKE FOR SALE!

AS SOON AS WE GET SETTLED, I'LL COME BACK FOR SOME! WE'RE HURRYIN' OUT TO CALIFORNIA FOR OUR FATHER'S FUNERAL—GOTTA BE THERE BY SATURDAY!



I'M GONNA BACK THE CAR AROUND, SO'S IT'LL BE READY TO SHOVE OFF ON A MOMENT'S NOTICE! THEN I'LL GET US SOME SUPPER! DO YOU WANT ME TO PUMP HIM ABOUT THE LOCAL COPPER, BOSS?

SEE IF HE'LL WARM SOME MILK FOR THE BABY! NO—IT MIGHT START IM THINKIN'!



SURE IS NICE TO GET NEW FOLKS IN—GETS MIGHTY LONESOME THIS TIME OF YEAR! IF IT WASN'T FOR THE RADIO, I'D GO NUTS! I JUST LOVE DETECTIVE STORIES AND THE POLICE BROADCASTS! I HELPED CATCH A GUY ONE NIGHT THAT THEY WAS AFTER—A REAL BIG CROOK! HE'D STUCK UP THE GENERAL STORE RUN BY MA MURPHY IN TOWN! SOME FOLKS SAY I TALK TOO MUCH, BUT DON'T YOU BELIEVE 'EM.

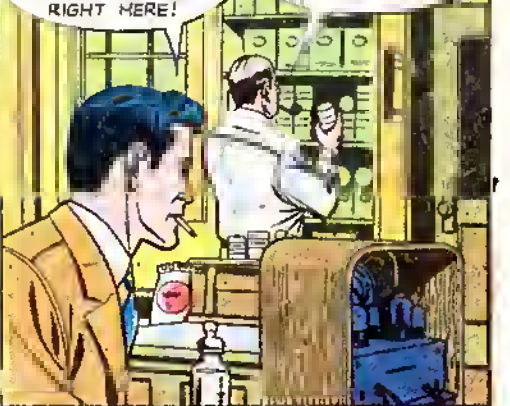


WHAT'S ON, NO—NOT AT ALL!

THIS GUY'S TOO NOSEY, AND WITH THAT RADIO, HE'S LIABLE TO DO SOME SNOOPIN'! I'LL FIX THAT!

...AND SOME PEAS, A POUND OF BACON, SOME ORANGES FOR THE BABY, AND, OH, YES, CAN YOU WARM UP SOME MILK FOR THE BABY? I'VE GOT THE BOTTLE RIGHT HERE!

SURE THING, MR. JOHNSTON—IT'LL ONLY TAKE ME A MINUTE! I'VE GOT ONE OF THEM NEW STOVES—HAD TO GO ALL THE WAY TO THE BIG CITY FOR IT!



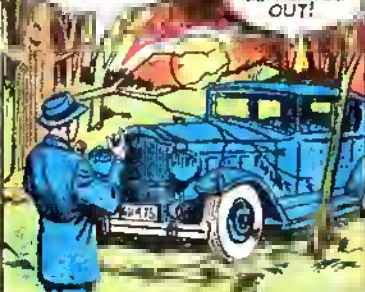
I'LL JUST BANG THIS TUBE A FEW TIMES, AND THEN PUT IT BACK! HE WON'T DO MUCH LISTENING TO POLICE CALLS TONIGHT! IT'S GETTIN' SO'S THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS TRYIN' TO PLAY DETECTIVE!



ONCE AGAIN, BEFORE DAWN, THEY WERE OFF, BUT MANY TIMES THERE WERE NO TOURIST CABINS, AND JOHNNY WOULD KEEP THE BIG CAR ROARING THROUGH THE NIGHT!

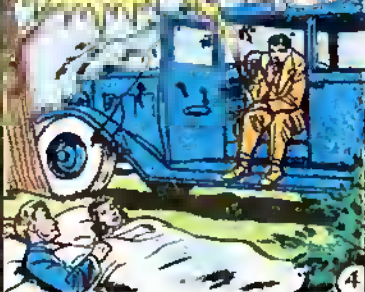
TURN IT MORE TO THE RIGHT! NOW COME FORWARD! HEY, LOOK, THE SUN'S COMIN' UP! WE'VE BEEN DRIVIN' ALL NIGHT!

WE'LL BE SAFE IN HERE! WE'RE COVERED! LET'S GRAB SOME SHUT EYE! I'M ALL PLAYED OUT!



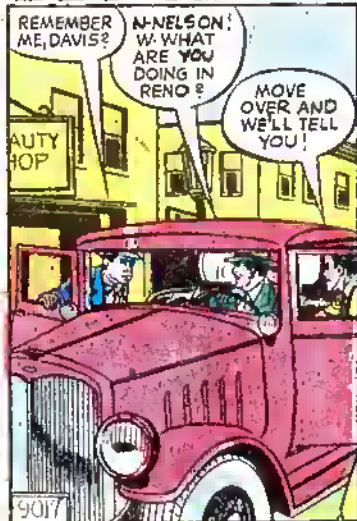
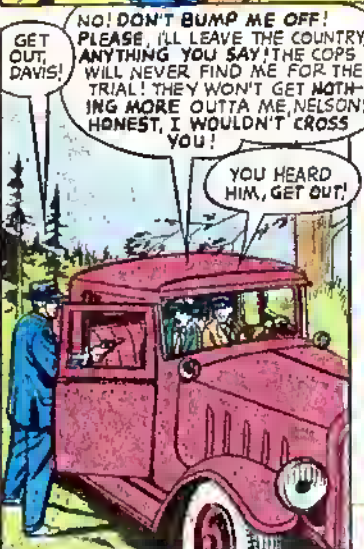
CALLING CARS 77 AND 44! CHECK ON REPORT THAT A BLUE PACKARD, 1932 MODEL—LICENSE IS CALIFORNIA 6H-475, WAS SEEN AT THE HUNTER MOTEL, BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN USED BY BABY FACE NELSON! PROCEED WITH CAUTION! THAT IS ALL!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, NELSON? TH COPS ARE CHECKIN' NIGHT'S SPOT ALREADY! WE'D BETTER GET MOVIN' AGAIN—DITCH THE CAR IN PORTLAND, TOO!

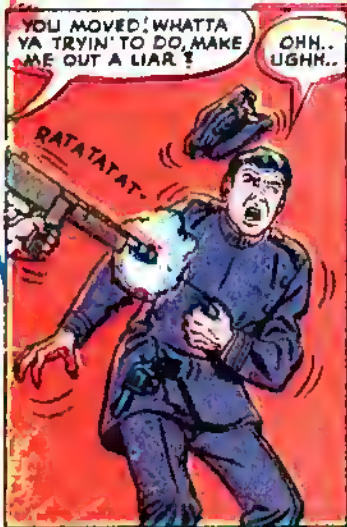
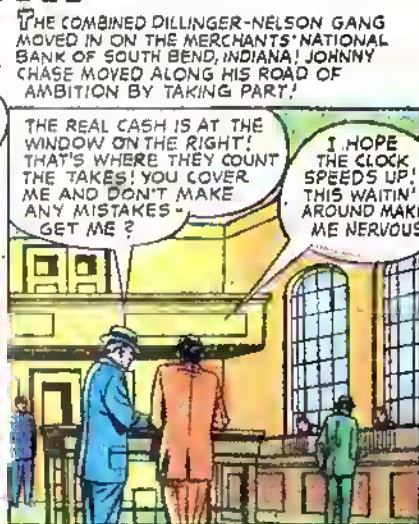
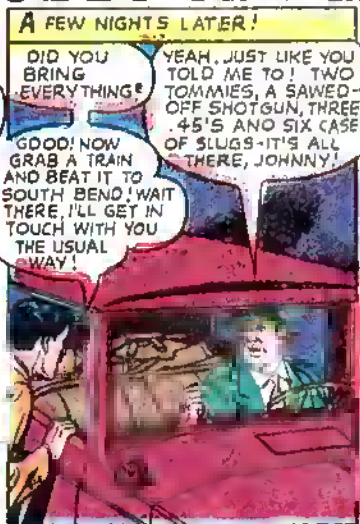


OBEY THE LAW

THE CROSS-COUNTRY TRIP HAD TAKEN TWO WEEKS TO BREMERSTON! THE BABY WAS LEFT WITH HELEN'S SISTER. FROM THERE THE TRIO HURRIED TO RENO, NEVADA! BABY FACE HAD A PURPOSE IN PICKING THAT TOWN!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



HURRY UP! GET IN, FOR PETE'S SAKE! WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY! WHY DON'T YA LET 'IM DROP?

GIMME A HAND, WILL YA? HE AIN'T HURT BAD! HE CAN'T BE— HE WAS WEARING A STEEL VEST!

AGAIN NELSON AND CHASE WERE IN FLIGHT! THIS TIME TO A NEVADA LAKE RESORT! THEY BROUGHT THEIR WOMEN ALONG TO AFFORD THEM COVER!

THIS IS THE LIFE—NO COPS, NO FEES, AND NO WORRIES! IF ONLY OUR DOUGH WASN'T RUNNING LOW!

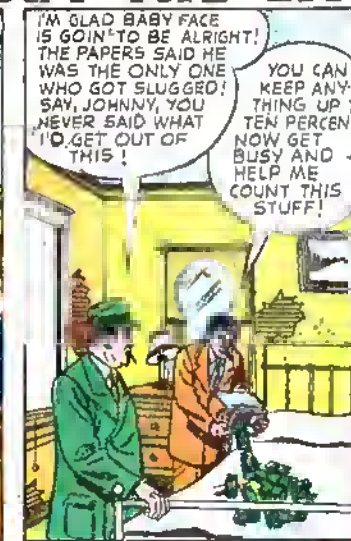
WE CAN ALWAYS GET MORE DOUGH! WHAT WORRIES ME IS THE WAY THE G-MEN GOT DILLINGER IN CHICAGO! THAT MAKES US NEXT ON THE HIT PARADE!



BEFORE THE F.B.I. CLOSED IN, THE HUNTED HAD FLOWN, BUT THE ARM OF THE LAW IS LONG AND TWO DAYS LATER, ON A HIGHWAY OUTSIDE OF EAST BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS...

THAT GUY SURE MUST BE IN A HURRY! HE'S DOING OVER BO!

DID YA SEE THE WAY THEY LOOKED BACK AT US? MAYBE THEY'RE FEES—SHALL I LET 'EM HAVE IT?



I'M GLAD BABY FACE IS GOIN' TO BE ALRIGHT! THE PAPERS SAID HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO GOT SLUGGED! SAY, JOHNNY, YOU NEVER SAID WHAT I'D GET OUT OF THIS!

YOU CAN KEEP ANYTHING UP TO TEN PERCENT! NOW GET BUSY AND HELP ME COUNT THIS STUFF!

GOT 'IM! JUST LIKE I'LL BLAST ANY COPPERS THAT COME AFTER ME! JOHNNY, I WANT YOU TO DRIVE DOWN TO RENO—FIND OUT WHAT'S UP! THINGS ARE TOO QUIET AROUND HERE! I'VE GOT A HUNCH SOMETHING'S WRONG!

JUST AS YOU SAY! I'LL LEAVE NOW!



IF YOU AND THE BOSS ARE SCRAMMING OUT AN' DON'T NEED ME NO MORE, I'LL HEAD ON BACK TO FRISCO TILL I HEAR FROM YOU AGAIN! BOY, \$3,000, I AIN'T NEVER HAD SO MUCH DOUGH IN MY LIFE! THANKS FOR LETTIN' ME IN ON THE DEAL, JOHNNY!

JUST REMEMBER—THE WHOLE COUNTRY WILL BE SWARMIN' WITH FEDERAL MEN ASKING QUESTIONS EVERYWHERE—SO BE SURE YOU KEEP YOUR LIP BUT-TONED UP! BE SEENIN' YOU!

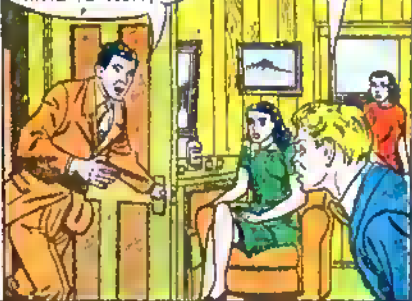


LATER THAT NIGHT!

THE PLACE IS ALIVE WITH FEES! THEY'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE—CAUGHT THE GARAGE MAN IN A BUNCH OF LIES, AND KNOW HE'S BEEN PROTECTING US! THEY'VE GOT A LINE ON THE FELLOW IN THE GAMBLING HALL WHO'S BEEN TIPPIN' YOU OFF! THEY'RE CLOSING IN—IT'S TIME TO RUN!

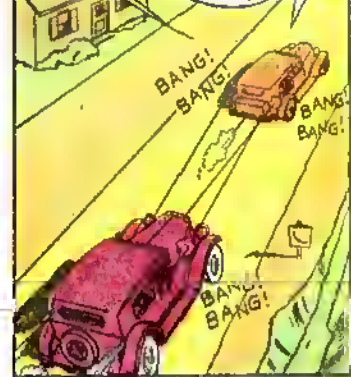
I FELT IT! GET PACKED!

JOHNNY, YOUR GAL WILL HEAD EAST BY PLANE AND GET A NEW HIDEOUT SET UP!



WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE 'EM NOW, THEY'RE WISE TO US!

NO! PULL ON AHEAD, SAM! WE'LL FORM A ROAD BLOCK ABOUT A MILE DOWN THE ROAD! WHEN THE CHIEF CATCHES UP, WE'LL HAVE THEM TRAPPED BETWEEN US!



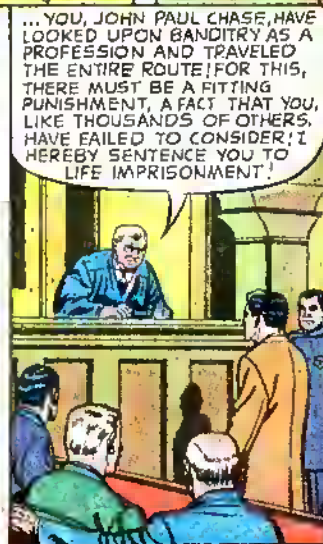
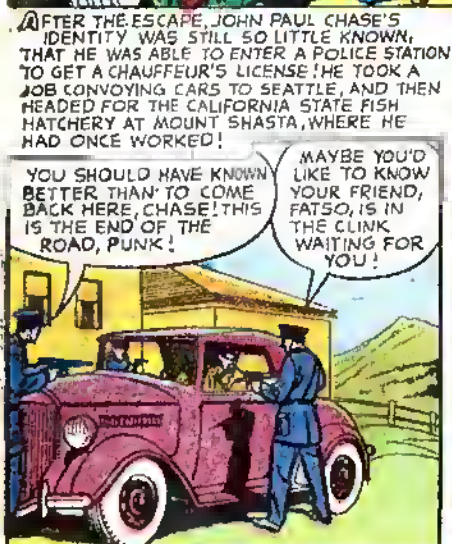
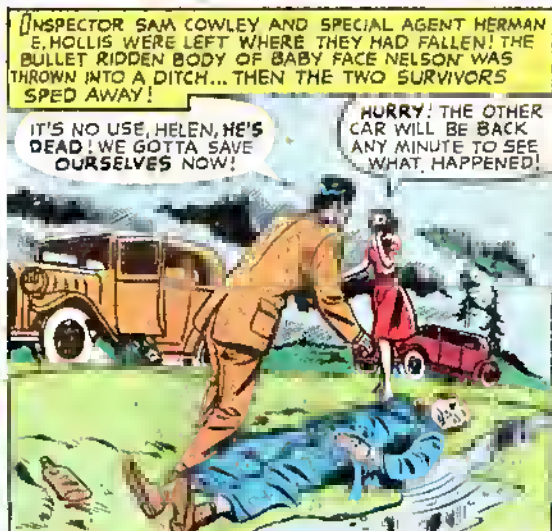
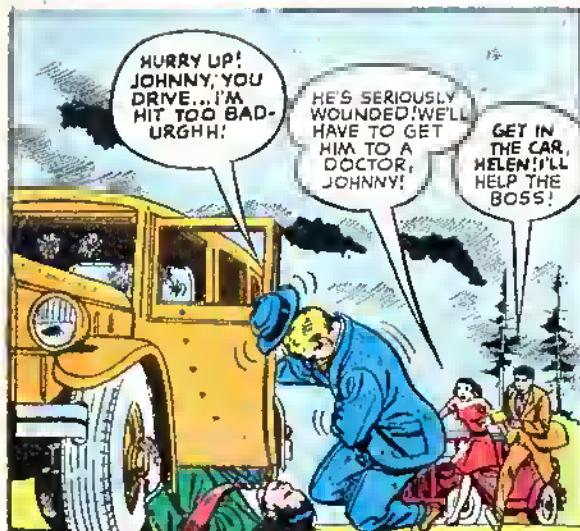
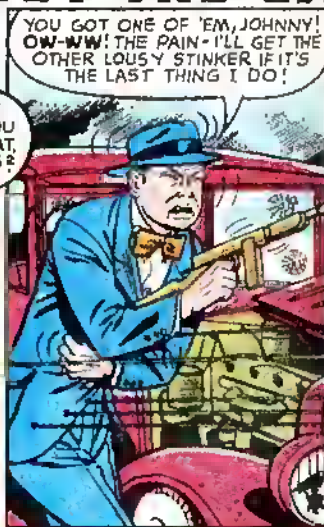
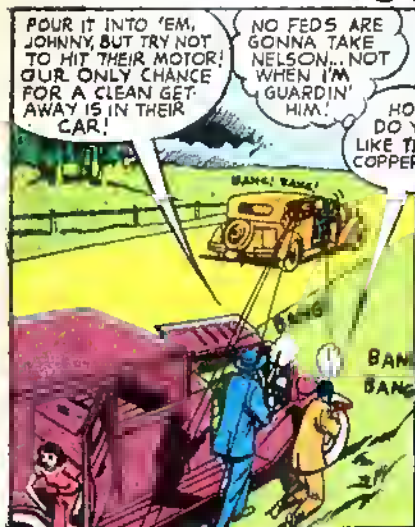
IT'S NO USE! THE WATER PUMP'S GONE AND THE OIL LINES RIDDLED!

PULL OVER! THAT'S THEM, ALRIGHT!

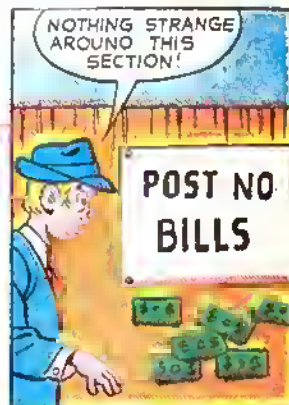
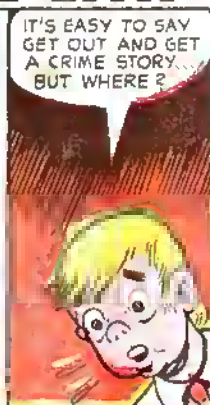
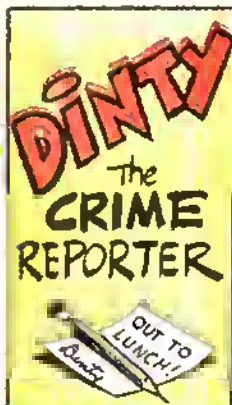
LOOK OUT! HERE COMES SOME MORE OF 'EM!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW





"Thanks to the Spot Reducer I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT

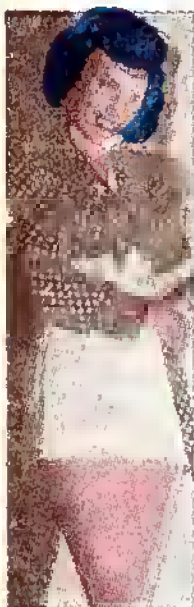
where it shows most

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most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steam-baths, drugs or laxatives.



Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

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If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.



Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

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871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

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Address.....

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DEATH AND SMALL CHANGE

STEVE LEEDS sat in the room he shared with David Neary in West Philadelphia and took a few singles and some small change from his pocket.

"We're almost broke again," he said ruefully. "These stick-ups of milk wagons and jewelry stores is a rotten kinda racket."

"Ya can say that again," agreed Neary. "We work all the time and what does it get us, peanuts!"

"We're gonna quit the racket," Leeds said. He scooped the bills and small change from the table and placed them back in his pocket.

Neary began to pace the floor. "And do what?" he asked. "Go on relief? Or worse, go to work?" For a kid just out of his teens, Neary was plenty hard. It showed in his face and his arrogant attitude.

Leeds was in his middle twenties. Though he was no harder than Neary, he was more experienced. By unspoken authority, he made the decisions of policy. He sneered now. "Are you nuts, Dave?" he asked. "I mean we're gonna get outa this penny-ante racket. The next job we do is gonna pay some real jack. A grand, maybe two."

The eyes of the younger punk widened. "Yeah?" he asked in awed wonder. "We gonna rob a bank?"

"Nah," Steve Leeds replied. "This will be a pushover. There's some risk in robbing a bank. But not here. Listen, this is the setup..." Excitedly, in a hushed voice, Steve Leeds began outlining the plan he had in mind.

As was his custom, Alfred York, on the night of Friday, Match 23, 1928, took a satchel of cash and bills from the cashier of the Center Theatre. The final show was now going on, for it was almost ten o'clock. No more patrons would be likely to buy any admissions, so he'd take the receipts of the day to the night bank depository a few doors down the street and allow the cashier to go home.



As he turned from the cashier's booth, Philadelphia patrolman, Clifford Wyatt, fell into step with him. "Big night, Al?" he asked. Each night Wyatt accompanied the assistant manager of the theatre to the bank.

York grinned. "I can't complain," he said. "This week's billing is very popular."

The pair turned as they left the theatre lobby and walked out from under the darkened marquee. Just at the edge of the theatre building, they came to a street, and here both men stopped. Crossing the street and coming toward them, were two friends of York's, Mrs. Jane Valentine and her pretty, seventeen-year old daughter, Elizabeth.

York hesitated and smiled as the women approached, but before he had time to call a greeting, a man with his cap pulled low over his eyes stepped from the shadows of the street. He held a revolver in the ribs of the theatre manager.

"Get 'em up," he snarled, "and hand over that dough!"

Patrolman Wyatt reached for his service weapon, but at that moment a big sedan, creeping almost soundlessly out of the darkness of the street, brushed the policeman, who was standing close to the curb. In Wyatt's momentary relaxing of his guard the thug with the gun, who of course was Leeds, grabbed for the satchel. The theatre manager dodged away and began to run.

Before York was across the street, Leeds aimed and fired. At the same moment, Officer Wyatt blazed with his own gun. An orange flash of fire, a loud report. For a second he thought he'd hit the thug, then to his horror, the officer realized that Elizabeth Valentine had stepped suddenly into his line of fire. It

was she lying on the sidewalk, a bullet having grazed her throat.

In a furious effort, Wyatt lunged toward the escaping crook, but the car was already pulling away and Leeds was on the running board. He aimed to fire again, but now crowds were collecting and in a moment more, the escape car had rounded the corner and had swept out of sight. Wyatt turned to the wounded girl. A doctor had come up and was giving her first aid. Then Wyatt saw a group collected in the street over another form lying prone on the ground. It was York, the theatre manager, and he was dead.

Neary was a reckless driver, who, if he did not crash, was almost certain to make a complete getaway. Leaving the theatre, he hung hard to the wheel, as the vehicle careened down the street. Cutting the next corner on two wheels, the car sped to the end of the block, then lost itself in a maze of streets, partly darkened.

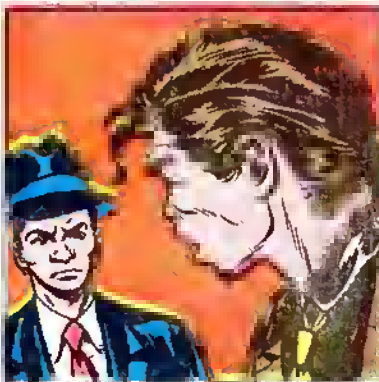
Back into the heavy traffic of the city Neary drove, then weaving his mad trail without regard for the lives of pedestrians, he sped for the suburbs. At last he slowed down.

"We're clear of the cops for a while," he said.

"Okay," said Leeds, "pull over to the curb. We'll clean out this crate and lam back to our room."

In the comparative safety of the rooming house where they stayed, Neary switched on the room light and sank wearily into a chair.

"Some pushover," he said disgustedly.



"Whaddya griping about?" demanded Leeds angrily. "We got away, didn't we?"

"With our lives, yeah," said Neary. "But where's that grand ya was talkin' about?"

"Nuts," snarled Leeds. "Who woulda thought that fool of a manager would try to take a powder? But he ain't gonna put the finger on us now."

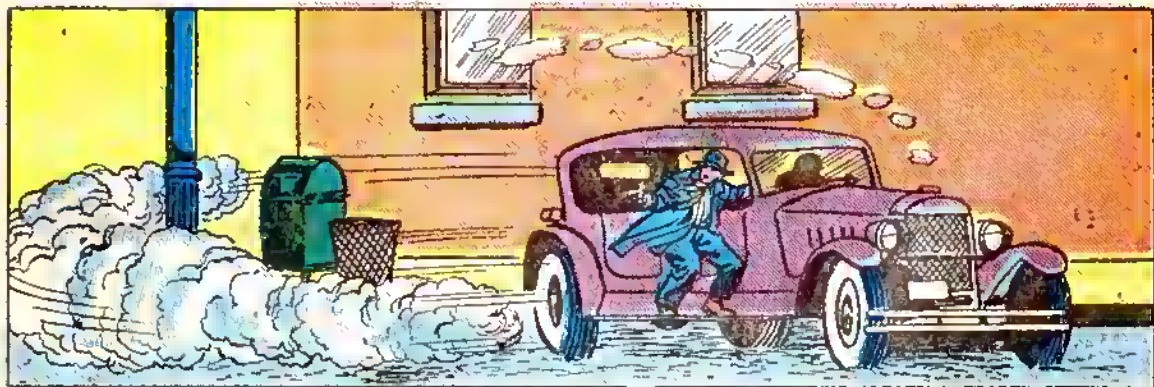
"How about the dame? And the kid that got shot?"

"Nuts again," said Leeds. "They was both so scared they'll never remember what we looked like. But we gotta separate for a long time, so nobody will see us together. Seeing us together, somebody might get ideas. Seeing us separately, even around here, nobody'd spot us."

"Now what do we do for dough?" Neary was still skeptical.

Leeds shook his head. Then his face brightened. "We got a little left. And I know a guy, the night chef in the beanery where we eat. We can knock him down for five bucks for that watch we lifted from the jewelry store. I'll go to my relatives and you can get along for a few days. Then I'll get in touch with you. I know some swell people in the Virginia hills. We can hide out there forever and not be suspected."

It seemed to them to be a neat plan and the two young punks were sure they had committed the perfect crime. But they made the single inevitable mistake that all crooks make sooner or later. The error may be one thing and may be another, but it is *always* there. Time and again it happens. The mistake is known as leaving a clue. There are always two things police look for in



solving murders. One is the motive, the other is the set of clues, or perhaps the single clue, as was the instance in this case.

Here is the pattern of events woven by the crimes committed by Leeds and Neary:

Almost at once, police found the abandoned auto, a stolen car. There were apparently no clues, except... a single price tag that read, "\$12.00, reduced from \$17.50." Painstaking checking with jewelry stores, for the tag appeared to be a jeweler's, finally found the man whose store had been robbed of a marked-down watch.

The jeweler supplied the police with the number of the watch, its make and style. A broadcast of the description brought a reward in the form of discovering the watch in a pawnbroker's shop in Pittsburgh. They found the one who pawned the watch to be Philip Rowe, the night chef at the restaurant frequented by Leeds and Neary. He unsuspectingly had purchased the timepiece from the killers, he admitted.

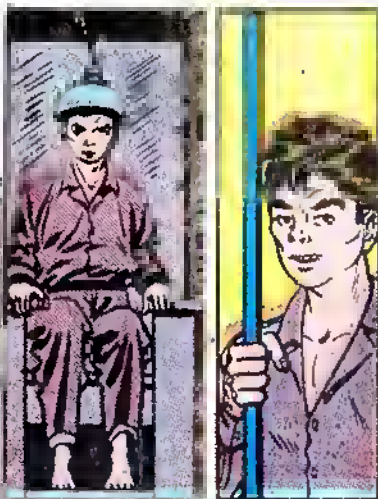
Rowe agreed to help the police in their search. They waited patiently in the restaurant for two nights. Just before midnight of the second night, Rowe motioned toward a man just entering to eat. It was Neary. The police seized him quickly. Neary refused to talk at first, but, confronted with Rowe, and reminded, too, that he stood accused of murder, Neary weakened and suddenly sobbed out his story of the killing, accusing his pal, Leeds, of the actual act of murder.

Following Neary's tip, the police traced Leeds to a small Virginia mountain town, where, with the help of Robert Johnson, the local constable, they found and surrounded the mountain cabin, during the night, where Leeds was biding.

All night the police waited. Then, at the crack of dawn, they broke into the building. Leeds awoke with a start, tried confusedly to escape by a window, but it was of no use. The law had him cornered.

The trial took place four months after the killing of York, almost the very day on which the unfortunate Elizabeth Valentine died from the wound she received during the shooting.

The jury's decision was quick. Leeds, who did the actual killing, died in the electric chair on January 14, 1929. David Neary went to prison for life.



Thus, crimes committed for profit, instead cost each criminal, in a different way, his own life. **CRIME DOES NOT PAY!**

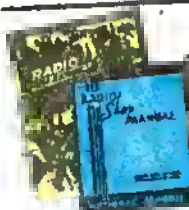
THE END

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OBEY THE LAW

ON THE LEVEL

by C.H. MOORE

THE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE!

THOMAS PAINE
Famous Writer

WAS THE SUBJECT OF A TRIAL BY JURY in England, Dec. 18, 1792—EVEN THOUGH HE WAS NOT UNDER ARREST NOR PRESENT FOR THE TRIAL—IN FACT HE WASN'T EVEN IN ENGLAND

PAINE WAS CHARGED WITH SEDITIOUS LIBEL BECAUSE OF HIS CRITICISM OF THE BRITISH GOV'T IN HIS PAMPHLET "THE RIGHTS OF MAN"

THE VERDICT WAS "GUILTY"



A MAN IN SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS HAS BEEN IN A HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE FOR THE PAST 21 YEARS NOW HE IS SANE AND WILL HAVE TO STAND TRIAL FOR THE SAME MURDER—21 YEARS AFTER IT HAPPENED! A MASSACHUSETTS LAW STATES THAT A MAN CHARGED WITH MURDER AND FOUND INSANE—MUST STAND TRIAL IF HE IS EVER FOUND SANE!

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A .45 CALIBER AUTOMATIC PISTOL CONVERTED INTO A FULL AUTOMATIC MACHINE GUN PISTOL THIS GUN IS NOW IN THE



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WHAT WILL THEY STEAL NEXT? THIEVES STOLE 3 TONS OF SCRAP IRON! FROM A JUNKYARD IN NEWARK, N.J. THEY HAD TO TOSS IT OVER A 5 FT FENCE! WHEN CAUGHT THEY WERE FORCED TO TOSS IT BACK!

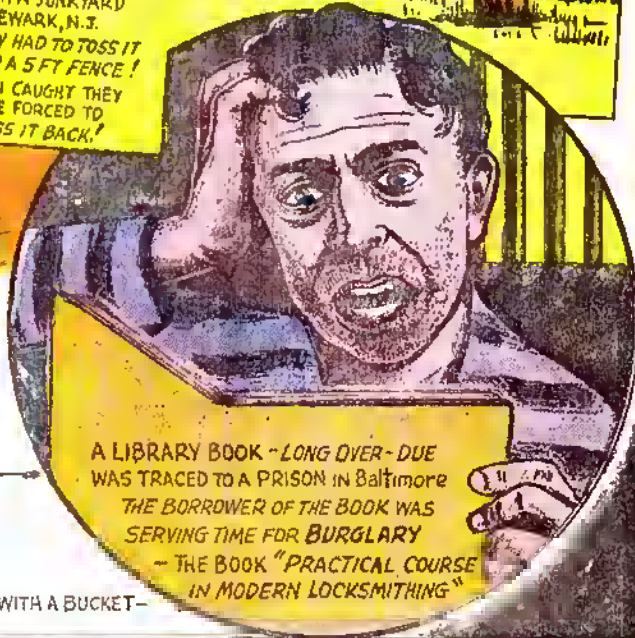


C.H. MOORE

CAPTAIN KIDD

NOTORIOUS PIRATE

WAS HANGED NOT FOR PIRACY BUT FOR MURDER! HE KILLED HIS GUNNER BY HITTING HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH A BUCKET—
— Trial in England Mar 8 1701



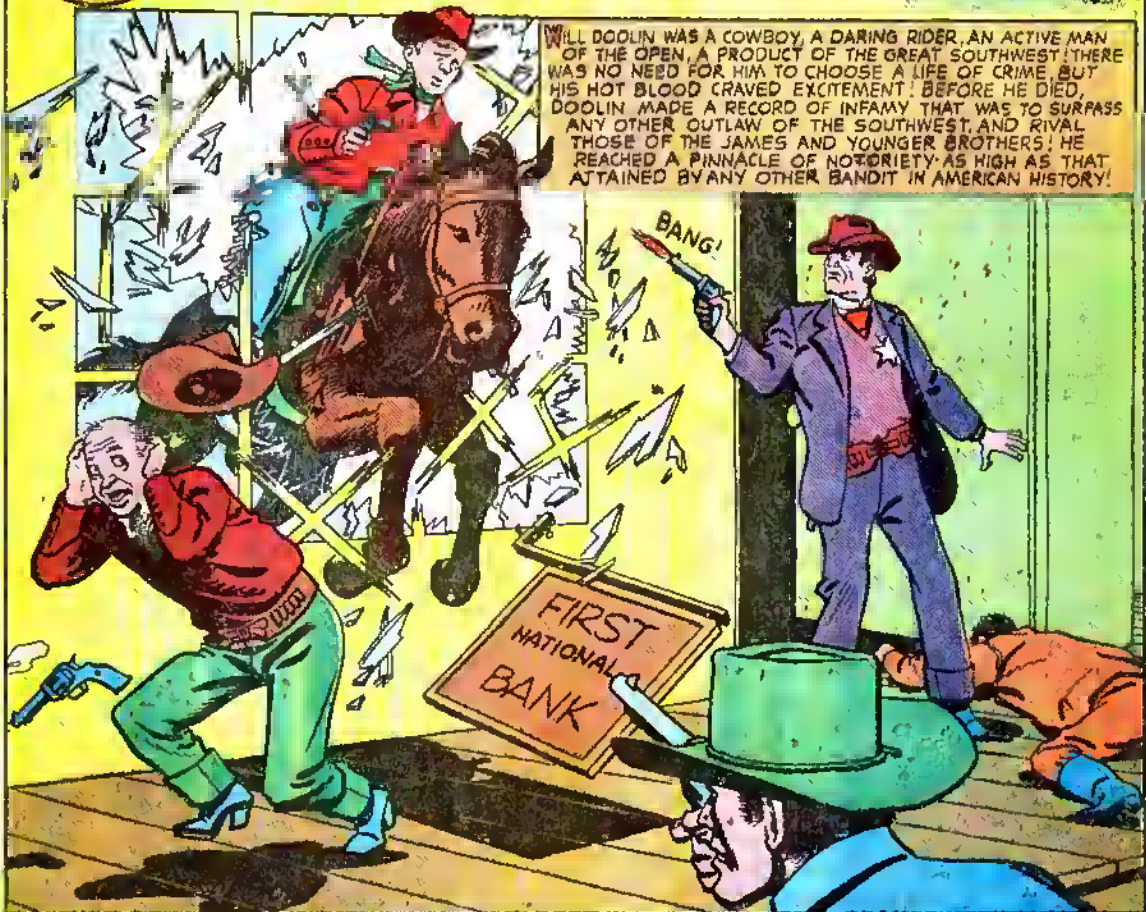
A LIBRARY BOOK—LONG OVER-DUE WAS TRACED TO A PRISON in Baltimore THE BORROWER OF THE BOOK WAS SERVING TIME FOR BURGLARY—THE BOOK "PRACTICAL COURSE IN MODERN LOCKSMITHING"

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



WILD WILL DOOLIN

THE LAST AND ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS OUTLAWS OF THE OLD SOUTHWEST!



WILL DOOLIN WAS A COWBOY, A DARING RIDER, AN ACTIVE MAN OF THE OPEN, A PRODUCT OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST! THERE WAS NO NEED FOR HIM TO CHOOSE A LIFE OF CRIME, BUT HIS HOT BLOOD CRAVED EXCITEMENT! BEFORE HE DIED, DOOLIN MADE A RECORD OF INFAMY THAT WAS TO SURPASS ANY OTHER OUTLAW OF THE SOUTHWEST, AND RIVAL THOSE OF THE JAMES AND YOUNGER BROTHERS! HE REACHED A PINNACLE OF NOTORIETY AS HIGH AS THAT ATTAINED BY ANY OTHER BANDIT IN AMERICAN HISTORY!

[IN THE FALL OF 1891, WILL DOOLIN WAS WORKING ON A RANCH IN KANSAS, BUT THE PAY WAS LITTLE, AND THE WORK HARD, ESPECIALLY IN THE BITTER COLD OF WINTER!

\$5,000 ON THE HEAD OF BOB DALTON! WHY, HE'S WORTH MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE! THAT SETTLES IT! I'M GOING TO TIE IN WITH HIM! BOB ALWAYS SAID ANYTIME I WANTED HE COULD USE A GOOD MAN WITH A GUN! I'LL TELL THE BOSS I'M LEAVING WHEN I GET BACK TO THE RANCH!

SURE, YOU'RE YOUNG AND YOU WANT EXCITEMENT AND EASY MONEY! BUT IT'S A ONE WAY ROAD STRAIGHT TO HADES, AND THERE'S NO TURNING BACK! YOU'RE MY BEST MAN, WILL, AND IF YOU STAY TILL SPRING, YOU'LL BE MY RAMROD!

SAVE YOUR WIND, GEORGE! MY MINDS MADE UP! EVERY MAN TO HIS OWN TASTE! YOU KEEP YOUR SNUG, SAFE, DREARY LIFE- I'LL TAKE THE TUNE OF A SIX-GUN AND POUNDING HOOFES! I CRAVE ACTION, I TELL YOU!

SO LONG, GEORGE! YOU'LL BE READIN ABOUT ME AND THE DALTON BOYS!

SORRY I CAN'T WISH YOU GOOD LUCK, DOOLIN, BUT YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL!



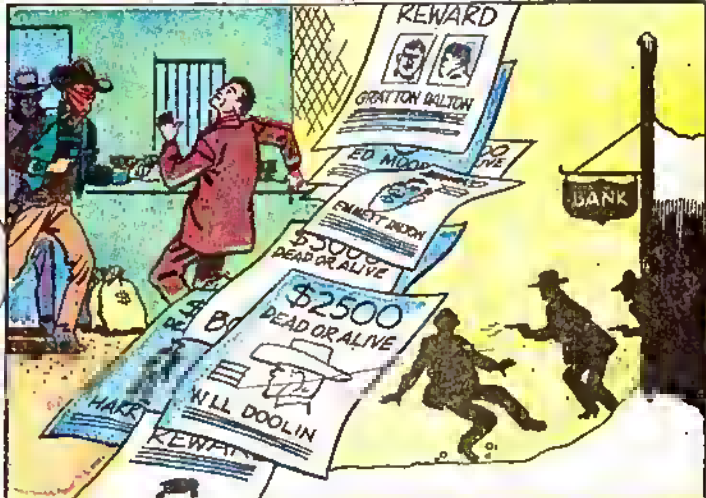
OBEDY THE LAW

WILL DOOLIN'S PROWESS WITH A GUN MADE HIM A WELCOME ADDITION TO THE DALTON GANG!

ME AND MY BROTHERS, EMMETT AN' GRATTON, HAVE FIGURED IF WE WORK FAST, WE CAN BE OUT OF TOWN BEFORE ANYONE KNOWS THERE'S BEEN A ROBBERY- YOU'RE NEW WILL, BUT I THINK YOU CAN BE TRUSTED TO WATCH THE HORSES AND SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY YOUR HEAD NONE OVER ME, BOB! IF YOU HEAR ANY SHOOTING, PAY NO HEED, IT'LL JUST BE ME GETTING MY FIRST NOTCHES!

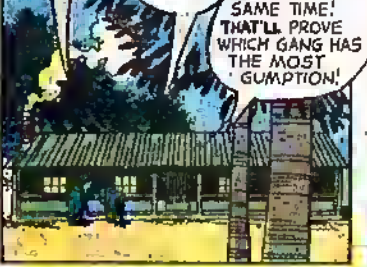
IF IT'S NOTCHES IN YOUR GUN YOU WANT, YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF CHANCES FOR THAT WITH US!



I'M TELLING YOU, IT AIN'T SAFE FOR ANY OF US TO RIDE ALONE AROUND THESE PARTS, ANYMORE! EVERYBODY'S OUT TRYIN' TO COLLECT SOME OF THAT REWARD MONEY ON OUR HIDES!

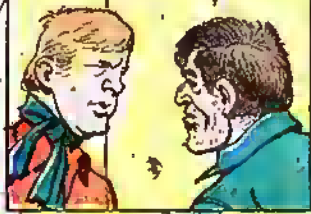
THE TROUBLE IS, WE AIN'T GOT 'EM SCARED ENOUGH OF US! I HEAR TELL THERE AIN'T A PERSON ALIVE WHO WOULD DARE PUT THE FINGER ON ONE OF THE JAMES BOYS!

WE'RE TOUGHER THAN THE JAMES BOYS, AND THE SOONER FOLKS LEARN IT, THE BETTER! TOMORROW WE'RE HEADING FOR COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS! THERE'S TWO BANKS IN THAT TOWN AND WE'RE TAKING THEM BOTH AT THE SAME TIME! THAT'LL PROVE WHICH GANG HAS THE MOST GUMPTION!



YOU DALTONS ARE SO ALL FIRED UP TRYING TO OUTDO THE JAMES BOYS, YOU'RE GOING TO GET ALL OF US KILLED! THAT TOWNS TOO WELL GUARDED! LET'S PICK SOMETHING EASIER!

SINCE WHEN HAVE WE HAD AN ADVISING COMMITTEE, DOOLIN? WE'RE HEADIN' FOR COFFEYVILLE, AND THAT'S FINAL! IF YOU'RE TOO SCARED TO COME ALONG, GET ON THAT SWAYBACK OF YOURS AND GET-NOW!

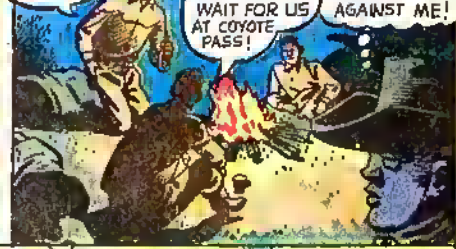


AFTER RIDING HARD THE NEXT DAY, OCT. 3, 1891, THE DALTON GANG HALTED FOR THE NIGHT, A FEW MILES FROM COFFEYVILLE!

SAY, BOB! WHEN YOU SAID WE'D ROB BOTH BANKS AT THE SAME TIME, YOU DIDN'T MEAN THAT, DID YOU? YOU MEANT AFTER WE DID ONE, WE'D DO THE OTHER, AIN'T THAT RIGHT?

YOU HEARD ME CORRECT THE FIRST TIME, EMMETT! HERE'S HOW WE'RE GONNA WORK IT! WHILE YOU, ME, AND DOOLIN GO FOR THE FIRST NATIONAL - GRATTON AND TWO OTHERS WILL BE WALKING INTO THE CONDON BANK AT THE SAME TIME! THE REST OF YOU BOYS WAIT FOR US AT COYOTE PASS!

I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOME WAY OUT OF THIS DEAL, WITH OUT LOOKING LIKE A COWARD! I'M NOT-IT'S JUST THAT I'M TOO SMART NOT TO KNOW WHEN THE ODDS ARE AGAINST ME!



MY HORSE SEEMS TO HAVE GONE LAME, BOB! YOU GO ON AHEAD AND I'LL CATCH UP TO YOU! I SAW A CHESTNUT SORREL IN A FIELD OUTSIDE THE TIMBER THERE THAT LOOKS LIKE HE MIGHT BE A STEPPER! IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO TIE A ROPE OVER HIM!

WE'LL WAIT FOR YOU AT THE FORKS, BUT DON'T BE MORE THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES!



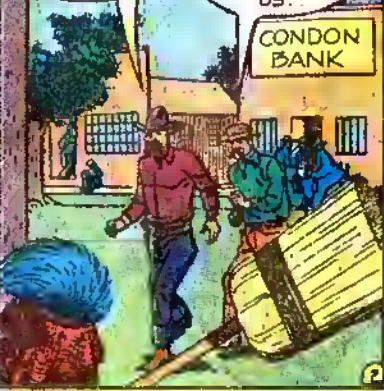
I DIDN'T SEE DOOLIN ANYWHERE! HE MUST HAVE HAD TROUBLE GETTING THAT HORSE!

WE CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME WAITING FOR HIM! WE OUGHT TO GET THIS DONE BEFORE THE TOWN WAKES UP! THE MORNIN'S HALF GONE!

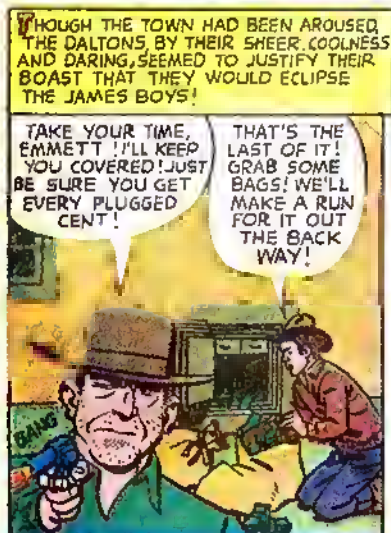
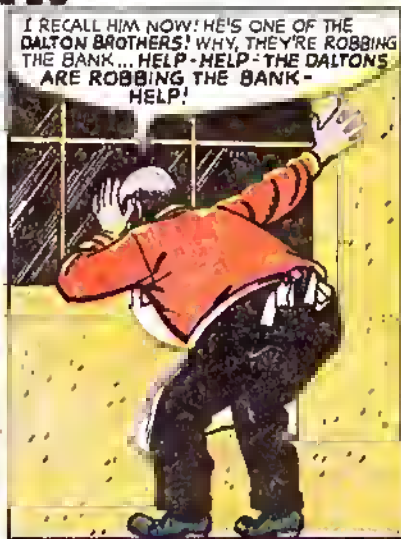
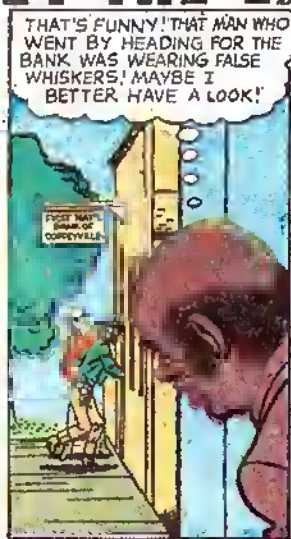


IT WAS A SMART IDEA OF YOURS FOR US TO WEAR THESE DISGUISES, BOB! WE'D BE RECOGNIZED FOR SURE WITHOUT THEM!

I'M PLANNIN' ON SPENDIN' MOST OF THAT COIN RIGHT HERE IN COFFEYVILLE, AN' I DON'T WANT NO BANK CLERKS POINTING NO FINGER AT US!



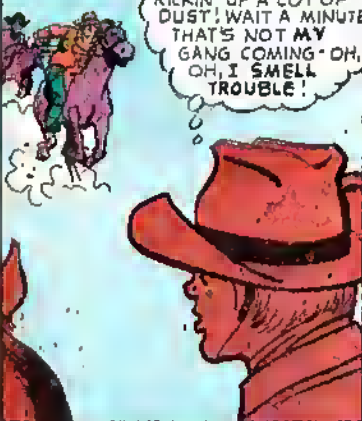
OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

DOOLIN, BECAUSE HE WAS JOGGING SLOWLY ALONG TOWARDS TOWN, FOOLED THE POSSE!

THE BOYS ARE SURE KICKIN' UP A LOT OF DUST! WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S NOT MY GANG COMING! OH, OH, I SMELL TROUBLE!

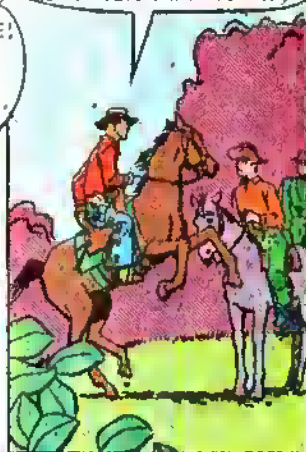


HAVE YOU SEEN ANY BANDITS GO BY THIS WAY, STRANGER? THE DALTONS HELD UP THE BANKS IN TOWN, TOOK OVER THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND KILLED FOUR MEN! WE GOT ALL THREE OF THE BROTHERS, BUT SOME OF THE BAND GOT AWAY! THE SHERIFF THINKS MORE OF 'EM ARE SOMEWHERE! THESE PARTS WAITING!



THE DALTONS DEAD? FROM WHAT I HEARD, THEIR GANG IS GONNA WANT REVENGE! SOMEONE SHOULD WARN DECENT FOLKS TO BE ON GUARD FOR THEIR LIVES!

I'LL JUST WHEEL ABOUT AND GO AHEAD OF YOU MEN WITH THE NEWS! MY HORSE IS FASTER THAN YOURS!

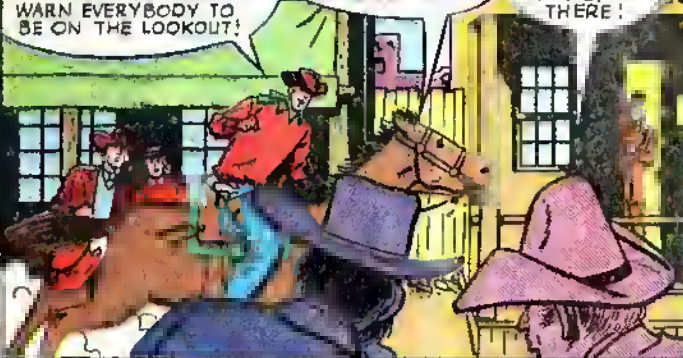


THE RUSE WORKED, AND ALL THAT AFTERNOON AND NIGHT DOOLIN SPURRED HIS HORSE ONWARD AT A TERRIFIC PACE!

THE DALTON GANG HAS ROBBED TWO BANKS IN COFFEYVILLE AND SOME OF THEM ESCAPED DOWN THIS WAY! I'M RIDING TO WARN EVERYBODY TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT!

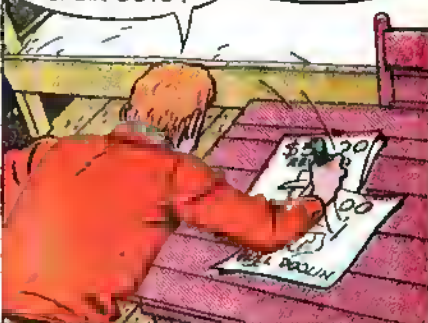
THE DALTON GANG! QUICK, LET'S PUT UP A BARRICADE, IN CASE THEY COME THROUGH HERE!

I'M HEADING HOME TO THE RANCH! MY WIFE'S ALL ALONE, OUT THERE!



AT THE EDGE OF A CREEK OUTSIDE OF TOWN, DOOLIN STAYED IN LONELY CONCEALMENT FOR SEVERAL WEEKS!

\$5,000 FOR MY HEAD! I'LL BE WORTH MORE THAN THAT TO 'EM BEFORE I'M THROUGH! I'M DONE PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK! I'LL GET A BAND TOGETHER THAT WILL MAKE THE DALTONS SEEM LIKE CHOIR BOYS!



THE WORST OUTLAWS IN THE SOUTHWEST FLOCKED IN TO JOIN THE DOOLIN GANG! AMONG THESE WAS WILLIAM DALTON, A COUSIN OF THE THREE BROTHERS! AN EX-POLITICIAN, WHOSE CAREER HAD BEEN RUINED BY THE COFFEYVILLE AFFAIR!

I'M OUT TO AVENGE MY COUSINS' AND MY RUINED CAREER, DOOLIN! I'VE SWORN TO KILL EVERY LAW MAN THAT GETS IN MY WAY!

YOU'RE A TRUE DALTON! GLAD TO HAVE YOU JOIN US! COME INSIDE AND MEET YOUR NEW PLAYMATES!



THE DOOLIN GANG HAS BLASTED A PATH OF ROBBERY AND KILLING LONG ENOUGH! AS U.S. MARSHALL OF OKLAHOMA, I'VE PLEDGED TO WIPE THEM OUT! WITH YOUR HELP I CAN DO IT! WE CAN GET TOGETHER THE BEST BAND OF FIGHTING MEN IN THE WEST! AND NOW IS THE TIME TO SHOW OUR METTLE! WHAT DO YOU SAY, TILGHMAN, ARE YOUR MEN WITH ME?

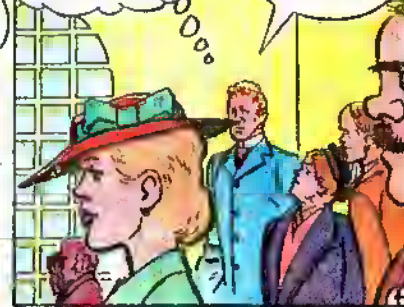
YOU BET! ALL OF US GOT A PERSONAL SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THEM, COLONEL NIX!



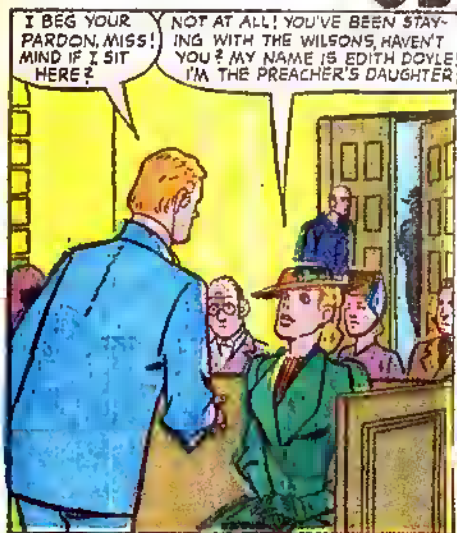
ON NOV. 18, 1892, THE GANG TOOK \$8,000 FROM THE SPEARVILLE, KANSAS, BANK, BEFORE BREAKING UP FOR A LAY-OFF! DOOLIN RODE NORTH TO VISIT WITH OLD FRIENDS, WHO WERE AWARE OF HIS ACTIVITIES!

THAT'S A MIGHTY SWEET LITTLE WOMAN! LADIES ARE SOMETHING I NEVER GAVE MUCH THOUGHT TO, BUT THAT'S CHANGING RIGHT NOW!

IF YOU FOLKS WILL EXCUSE ME, I SEE SOMETHING THAT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!



OBEDY THE LAW

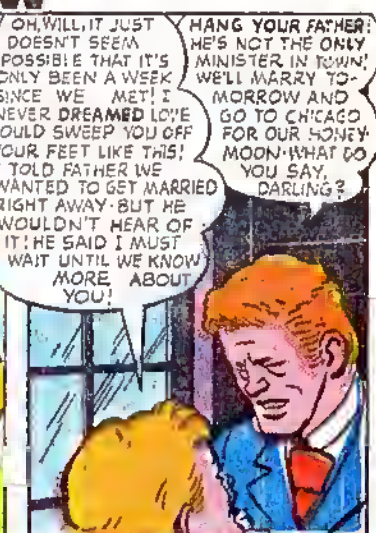


I BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS! MIND IF I SIT HERE?

NOT AT ALL! YOU'VE BEEN STAYING WITH THE WILSONS, HAVEN'T YOU? MY NAME IS EDITH DOYLE! I'M THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER!

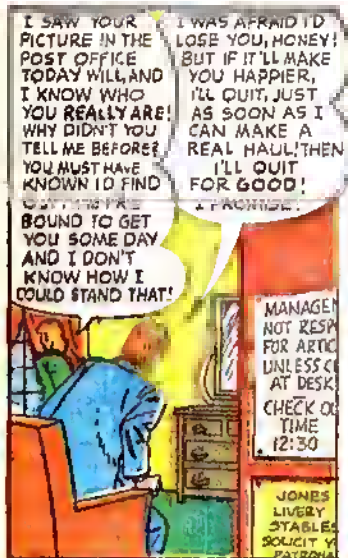


PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MA'AM, WILL'S MY NAME! MY MOTHER'S NAME WAS EDITH, TOO! I'M MIGHTY PARTIAL TO IT! SHE WAS A PRETTY LITTLE THING LIKE YOU, TOO!



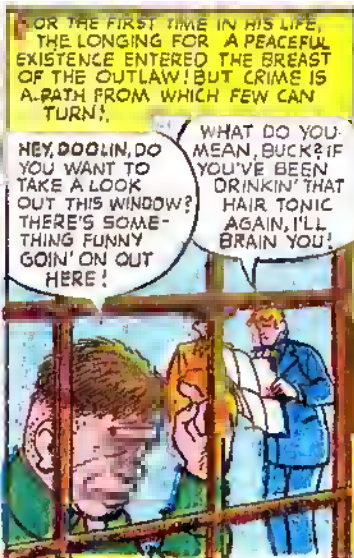
OH, WILL, IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE THAT IT'S ONLY BEEN A WEEK SINCE WE MET! I NEVER DREAMED LOVE COULD SWEEP YOU OFF YOUR FEET LIKE THIS! I TOLD FATHER WE WANTED TO GET MARRIED RIGHT AWAY - BUT HE WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT! HE SAID I MUST WAIT UNTIL WE KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU!

HANG YOUR FATHER! HE'S NOT THE ONLY MINISTER IN TOWN! WE'LL MARRY TOMORROW AND GO TO CHICAGO FOR OUR HONEYMOON - WHAT DO YOU SAY, DARLING?



I SAW YOUR PICTURE IN THE POST OFFICE TODAY WILL, AND I KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME BEFORE? YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN I'D FIND OUT! I'M BOUND TO GET YOU SOME DAY AND I DON'T KNOW HOW I COULD STAND THAT!

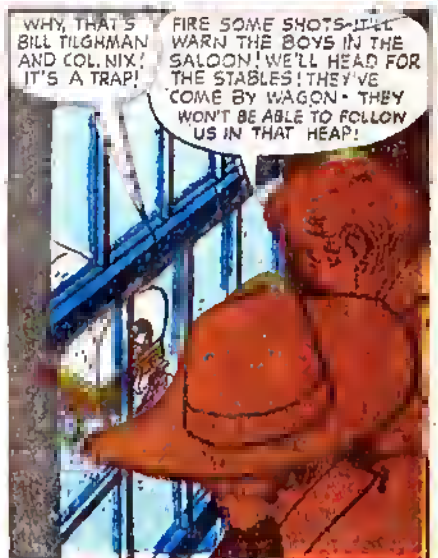
I WAS AFRAID I'D LOSE YOU, HONEY! BUT IF IT'LL MAKE YOU HAPPIER, I'LL QUIT, JUST AS SOON AS I CAN MAKE A REAL HAUL! THEN I'LL QUIT FOR GOOD!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, THE LONGING FOR A PEACEFUL EXISTENCE ENTERED THE BREAST OF THE OUTLAW! BUT CRIME IS A PATH FROM WHICH FEW CAN TURN!

HEY, DOOLIN, DO YOU WANT TO TAKE A LOOK OUT THIS WINDOW? THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOIN' ON OUT HERE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BUCK? IF YOU'VE BEEN DRINKIN' THAT HAIR TONIC AGAIN, I'LL BRAIN YOU!



WHY, THAT'S BILL TILGHMAN AND COL. NIX! IT'S A TRAP!

FIRE SOME SHOTS - I'LL WARN THE BOYS IN THE SALOON! WE'LL HEAD FOR THE STABLES! THEY'VE COME BY WAGON - THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO FOLLOW US IN THAT HEAP!



WARNED BY THE FIRST SHOTS, THE GANG FOUGHT THEIR WAY SAFELY TO THE STABLES!

I PLUGGED HIM DEAD CENTER! GET THE HORSES READY, WHILE WE KEEP SHOOTING! OW-W, MY LEFT ARM!



ME AND DALTON WILL STAY AND HOLD THEM BACK! WE'LL MEET AT DUNCON'S CAVE!

DO AS YOU'LL TOLD, HORSE FACE!

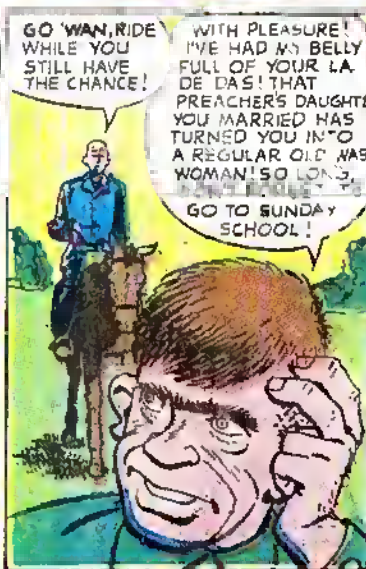
WE WON'T GO AND LEAVE YOU, BOSS - YOU'RE HURT!



SEE, YOU HAD NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT, HORSE FACE. I CAN GET FREE FROM ANY KISSE! SAY, WHERE'S 'NANNY AN' 'IS GIRL'?' SE? I ALMOST FORGOT THEM!

LAST I SAW OF THEM, HE WAS AT BAD AND SHE WAS COVERING HIM! HECK, DOOLIN, WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO SOOL WITH THEM - BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT TO GET THEM TENDED TO!

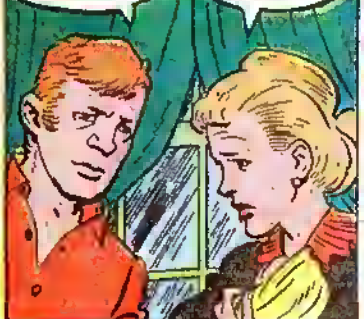
OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

I'M KEEPING MY PROMISE, EDITH! I'VE GIVEN UP BEIN' AN OUTLAW! I'VE GOT ENOUGH MONEY NOW! IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS BAD ARM THAT WON'T HEAL, WE'D HEAD EAST RIGHT NOW—BUT AS IT IS...

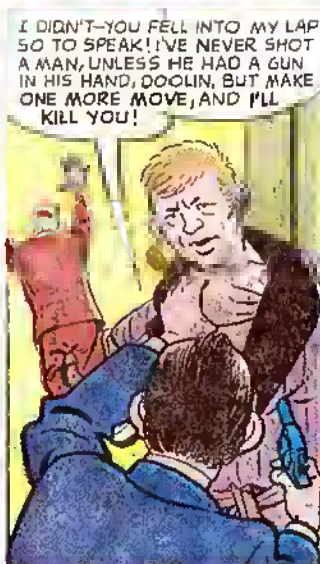
I KNOW, BUT I'VE WAITED THIS LONG, I GUESS I CAN WAIT UNTIL YOU COME BACK FROM THAT RESORT WHERE YOUR WOUND WILL BE TREATED!



BUT EVEN THEN THE LAW WAS RUNNING DOWN THE GANG AND EVENING UP THE SLATE, ONE BY ONE! SAMMY PIERCE AND HORSE-FACE NEWCOMB WERE KILLED RESISTING ARREST!



THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR FOLLOWING IN YOUR COUSIN'S FOOTSTEPS, DALTON! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE ON THE RECEIVING END?



OBEDIENT THE LAW

BEHIND BARS, THE LEGENDARY WILL DOOLIN PROVED TO BE A FASCINATING MAN, AND HIS TALES OF OUTLAW DEEDS BROUGHT HIM MUCH ATTENTION AND ADMIRATION... ESPECIALLY WHEN HE SPOKE OF HIDDEN TREASURE!



YOU SURE CAN TELL 'EM, WILL!

I WOULD NEVER THINK A GENT LIKE YOU HAD OVER 30 NOTCHES ON YOUR GUN!

ARE YOU REALLY GONNA SHOW US WHERE YOU HID ALL THAT MONEY?

SURE, IT'S RIGHT HERE ON THE MAP, BUT IT'S NO GOOD WITHOUT THE KEY... AND I'M NOT TELLING THAT YET!

HEY, DOOLIN! WHAT'S ALL THE MOANIN' ABOUT, YOU SICK?

OW... OW... THIS PAIN! I'M DYING! I WON'T LAST TILL MORNING! COME CLOSE, SHORTY... YOU'VE BEEN GOOD TO ME! I'M GONNA TELL YOU WHERE THE KEY...

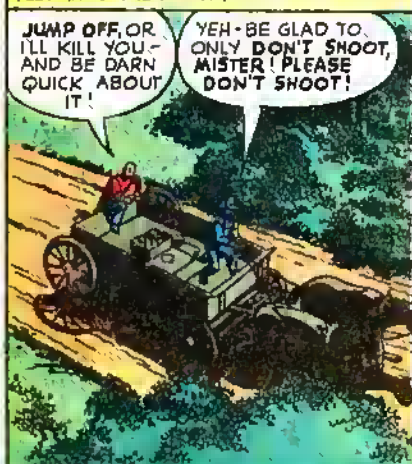


ONE PEEP OUT OF YOU AND I'LL KILL YOU! NOW UNLOCK THIS CELL DOOR, QUICK!

SURE, SURE, DOOLIN! ONLY DON'T KILL OLD SHORTY! I'VE GOT A WIFE AND A BOY SAME AS YOU, REMEMBER?



TO CREATE CONFUSION, DOOLIN FREED THE OTHER PRISONERS, AND THEN FLED THE NIGHT!



JUMP OFF, OR I'LL KILL YOU - AND BE DARN QUICK ABOUT IT!

YEH - BE GLAD TO ONLY DON'T SHOOT, MISTER! PLEASE DON'T SHOOT!

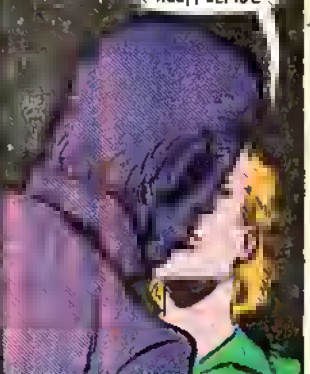
EDITH - BE QUIET! IT'S ME, WILL! DON'T MAKE A SOUND! HOW QUICK DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET READY TO LEAVE HERE? CAN YOU MAKE IT IN HALF AN HOUR?

DARLING, YOU'RE FREE! I WAS WORRIED SICK WHEN THEY CAUGHT YOU! IT'LL ONLY TAKE ME A MINUTE TO GET DRESSED!



DARLING, I'LL WALK AHEAD UNTIL WE CROSS THE CREEK, THEN YOU DRIVE THE BUGGY AFTER ME! THEY MAY BE OUT THERE WAITIN' FOR ME IN THE BUSHES!

BE CAREFUL, WILL, PLEASE!



THROW UP YOUR HANDS, DOOLIN, YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

GET DOWN, EDITH, AND STAY DOWN! IF I DON'T SHOOT MY WAY FREE NOW, WE'LL NEVER GET TO SEE THE EAST!

OH, WILL - PLEASE DON'T DRAW - THEY'VE GOT YOU CORNERED!



ARGH!



HE ASKED ME TO GIVE HIS WIFE THIS BEFORE HE DIED! DOOLIN LEARNED TOO LATE THAT THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK!

OH, WILL... WILL... DARLING, SPEAK TO ME, WILL!



THE END

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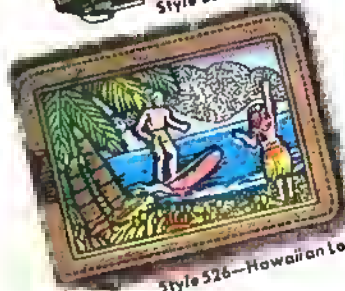


Style 520—Hula Girl

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